HELLO AGAIN

by Susan Isaacs

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The screen is white except in the center where WE SEE LUCY ROBBINS' bright eyes. Then the lips that go with those eyes FADE IN and curve into an engaging smile.

LUCY
Hello. I'm Lucy Robbins.

A hand comes up and applies lipstick to the mouth. The mouth attempts a less eager smile.

Lucy Robbins. (BEAT) And you?

This stab at sophistication does not quite come off.

SCREEN COMES ALIVE TO REVEAL LUCY ROBBINS' face and

1. INT. - LUCY ROBBINS' DRESSING ALCOVE - TWILIGHT

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Lucy is at her vanity in the rather old-fashioned room. Outside, the trees on the Robbinses' acre of Long Island are in bloom. Lucy puts on personalities while she puts on makeup, but she's too humorous and vulnerable to be anyone but herself. Still, she gives it one more try, pulling at her camisole to expose a little cleavage, half-closing her eyes like a 1950's sex kitten.

Well, good evening to you, big boy.

Lucy coyly runs her tongue over her lips. That second, JASON ROBBINS, Lucy's husband, enters. Jason is a plastic surgeon. He's intelligent, charming and, despite his professorial horn-rimmed glasses, so good-looking a patient might wonder: did he or didn't he?

Lucy jumps; she's spotted Jason. In an instant, she's herself again. She grabs a large makeup brush, swishes it around a small compact and whisks the makeup over her cheek. Unfortunately, it's not the blusher she'd anticipated. It's green eye shadow.

CUT TO:

2. INT. - ROBBINS' BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

The Robbins' bedroom is warm and inviting, all done up in yellow flowered chintz. The bed is strewn with a dozen ruffled and embroidered pillows and the walls are almost hidden by framed family snapshots.

Lucy is nearly ready. Whatever ball she is going to, she deserves to be the belle. She's radiant in a soft silk blouse and floor-length evening skirt. She recruits Jason to fasten her locket. The scene is one of tranquil

(CONTINUED)

domesticity until FLIPPY bounds in. Flippy, a dog who resembles a large, happy mop, leaps up to give Lucy a drippy kiss. Trying to avoid the dog's slurp, Lucy manages to knock over a basket of magazines and a floor lamp.

CUT TO:

3. INT. - ROBBINS' KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

The kitchen is clearly the heart of the Robbins house; it's a big, inviting room, with wood cabinets, plants, and a window sill covered with bright Mexican terra cotta pots filled with herbs. Lucy's collection of framed California fruit crate labels covers the walls.

As Lucy and Jason -- with Flippy trotting along -- cut through the kitchen to get to the garage, WE SEE their son, DANNY, an adorable galoot of eighteen. He looks like a typical high school senior in cut off jeans, a too-small Shorehaven Vikings t-shirt and bare feet, except that he's whipping egg whites and sugar with a giant balloon whisk in a copper bowl.

As his mother rushes by, Danny raises his hand: slow down. She does, and thus avoids a collision with the kitchen table. She glances at the sink, at the mess Danny's made, grabs a sponge, hands it to him -- and gives him a fast goodbye kiss on the cheek.

CUT TO:

4. EXT. - ROBBINS' HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The Robbins' BMW, with its MD license plates, backs up out of the garage. CAMERA MOVES BACK AND UP AND WE SEE the house. It's a graceful white colonial, with a velvet lawn in front, and a lovingly-tended backyard -- complete with flower, herb and vegetable gardens and a swimming pool.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. - SHOREHAVEN STREETS - TWILIGHT

The Robbins' car drives past the Tudors, ranches, Mediterranean mini-villas, and colonials. Kids play basketball in driveways, lawn sprinklers whirl and joggers trot by, occasionally waving to the Robbinses. The car passes the block-long main street of quaint stores.

POV Lucy. Just past the picturesque suburban railroad station on Main Street, there is a playground, empty now in the approaching darkness. CLOSE UP of Lucy. She smiles, obviously remembering the time she put in at the seesaw while Danny was growing up.

CUT TO:

6. EXT. - ROBBINS' CAR - TWILIGHT

The BMW whizzes past a sign: Long Island Expressway - To New York.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. - QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE - NIGHT

A LONG SHOT of the bridge spanning the East River, with Manhattan prominent in the background. Under FINAL TITLES, CAMERA MOVES DOWN AND IN to find the Robbins' BMW on the bridge heading toward the city. As the LAST TITLE fades, CAMERA moves to a MEDIUM-CLOSE SHOT of Lucy in the passenger seat.

Jason is trying to be reassuring, but he's too involved with that world on the other side of the bridge to focus on Lucy. He loves her in a comfortable, reflexive way, but since she is his wife of nineteen years, he's free to focus elsewhere.

JASON
Don't worry about the party.
You'll be fine.

LUCY
Sure. I'll be right in my element.
Doctors, movie producers, lawyers,
art critics. And that's just the
women. Oh Jason, you know how
brilliant you are. Do you have to
prove it to all those jazzy people?

JASON
I'm tired of doing dentists. If I'm
named chief of plastic surgery at
Knickerbocker, I'll be operating on
the biggest names. I'll be right on top.

LUCY
But you're on top now. Look how many
people give you their noses every year.

JASON
I need a challenge.

LUCY
What? A tummy tuck on Mt. Everest?
Can't you just be happy being the best?

JASON
The best on Long Island? Lucy, I'm a
much better surgeon than Bill Holt.
All he has is an heiress wife and social
connections. But who does every celebrity
want for a lift? Bill.

LUCY
Sure. Five minutes with him before surgery and you can skip general anesthesia.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. - BEEKMAN PLACE - NIGHT

Pedestrians don't so much walk as glide by Lucy and Jason: there's a slim, supercilious COUPLE with their trendy TODDLER; lean, breathtakingly groomed JOGGERS; a tall, slender MAN with a thin walking stick; a gauntly elegant WOMAN walking two WHIPPETS.

LUCY
Can you see me living around here? One more ounce and the block association would have me assassinated.

CUT TO:

9. INT. - HOLTS' ENTRANCE GALLERY - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of the party's hostess, REGINA HOLT. Her bones jut out over her cheek hollows. CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE that her rubies cover as much of her near-anorectic body as her revealing ten thousand dollar dress. CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER to reveal the Robbinses, along with about fifty other GUESTS, being greeted in the formal entrance gallery of the Holts' triplex. BILL HOLT, a sleek man in his early fifties, stands beside his wife. Bill's expression changes with each feature he contemplates: a perky nose brings a smile of satisfaction, but a double chin -- potential business -- makes him positively beam.

REGINA
(to Jason)
My favorite plastic surgeon -- after Bill, of course. You brave man, working day and night to keep suburbia from sagging!

Regina nods to Lucy for an instant, long enough to indicate that all Lucy's preparations have been in vain. Then Regina turns a glowing, welcoming smile to her next -- and far more important -- guest.

CUT TO:

10. EXT. - HOLTS' TERRACE - NIGHT

WAITERS pass canapes as guests chat and check out the Holts' sparkling view of the East River and each others' evening clothes. Everyone seems to know everyone else. Lucy sticks close to Jason even though he's involved in yukky surgical talk with Bill Holt and another SURGEON.

SURGEON
The idiot cuts, sticks his hand in --

Anything even remotely subcutaneous makes Lucy queasy. She leaves Jason and wanders about the huge terrace with its lush potted trees and bubbling fountains, looking for a familiar face. Finally, she spots Regina in animated conversation with an equally soigne WOMAN.

LUCY
(to Regina)
What a beautiful party!
(to woman)
Hello. I'm Lu...

The woman offers Lucy a facial twist that barely passes for polite acknowledgment, but does not say a word. Regina hardly glances at her.

REGINA
Do hope you're having a grand time.

Lucy, comprehending the snub, backs off with a brave wave.

LUCY
(out of earshot)
Nice chatting with you.

CUT TO:

11. INT. - HOLTS' LIBRARY - NIGHT

Here, too, the guests form tight groups. Lucy offers a couple of smiles, but the groups pull together even tighter at this assault. She forces herself to walk to the bookshelves; she pulls a leather-bound volume from a shelf and begins to read as though she'd been deprived of books for a decade. Suddenly, a shadow falls over the page.

LUCY
Uh, absolutely fascinating study of
(her eyes cross as she glances
at the book's spine)
Why bore you with a long Latin title?

She gets up her courage, and peers up.

Kim!

KIM
What are you doing here?

LUCY
Um...slumming?

KIM LACEY is Lucy's age, but there the resemblance ends. Kim is breathtakingly groomed, utterly au courant and wildly sexy: an unmarried Manhattan woman. She immediately takes over, steering Lucy back toward the party through the antique-filled rooms of the Holts' apartment.

KIM

Isn't this a fun party?

LUCY

It beats a cesspool backup.

KIM

Lucy, this is the last important
party in Manhattan before the summer.
It's vital to be seen here.

LUCY

If I hadn't been invited, I'd
never show my face in the frozen
food aisle of Grand Union again.

KIM

Go ahead, laugh. You live in the suburbs.
And you have a husband.

LUCY

You've had three. You want another
one? (BEAT) You do. Wow. I've
only had one man in my whole life.
Is being faithful tacky?

KIM

No. Boring.

CUT TO:

12. INT. - HOLTS' GALLERY TO TERRACE - NIGHT

As she and Lucy stroll, Kim nods and smiles at the other guests.

LUCY

Being myself didn't work, so I was
trying the scholarly look -- intense but
approachable. (BEAT) No one approached.

KIM

You tried that when we were in college.
Remember that mixer when you walked
around with your head buried in Finnegan's
Wake and knocked over the punchbowl --

LUCY

(grinning)

-- and that guy in penny loafers slid
across the room on a maraschino cherry?

CUT TO:

13. EXT. - HOLT'S TERRACE - NIGHT

As Lucy and Kim talk, Kim is occasionally greeted by other guests. Lucy, naturally, is as good as invisible.

LUCY
How come you're here?

KIM
I'm an editor of Elegance. I didn't need a decent-sounding job when I was married to Hastings. I was invited everywhere. Oh well, at least he didn't divorce me. Being a widow is a definite social asset.

LUCY
I'll mention it to Jason.

KIM
But Hastings cut me out of his will! Talk about a social minus.

LUCY
So is being chairman of the Shorehaven Elementary School Bake Sale three years in a row a minus or a plus?

KIM
You know it's the supreme minus. No, playing pattycake with those little tykes as a volunteer is worse. How do you think Jason feels when people ask him: "What does your wife do?"

LUCY
Kim, Jason doesn't care. Look, you've known him as long as I have. He wants a wife, not some tycoonette who runs a chain of pantyhose boutiques.

KIM
Are you sure? When a man starts planning a major change in lifestyle, it should signal something to the little woman.

CUT TO:

14. INT. - HOLTS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests are seated at tables for ten. The food is the newest rage: the cuisine of a previously obscure Asian country. A dapper BEARDED MAN sits

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at Lucy's right. A late-arriving guest plops into the empty chair at Lucy's left. He's a man about fifty, with a big, round, friendly face; he's dressed rather eccentrically in white tie. But from the respectful nods of the other guests, it's clear that his is the eccentricity of the rich. The man is HASTINGS LACEY, JR., Kim's former step-son. He smiles at Lucy and immediately begins loading up his plate. *

BEARDED MAN
(to Lucy)
Let me guess. You're obviously not fashion. Not p.r. Publishing? Hmmm? No? Art! Assistant curator of something charming.

LUCY
I was a teacher. K through 3. Now I do volunteer work at a day care center. But mainly I'm a housewife

The man's eyes begin to cloud. He dips a piece of meat into one of twenty tiny bowls of sauce scattered about the table while Lucy -- not noticing his utter uninterest -- opens up her locket. CLOSE UP of Danny's baby picture.

and mother. My son's been accepted at Columbia. But he wants to be a chef. He --

BEARDED MAN
Fascinating.

He immediately turns to the woman on his other side. Junior Lacey turns to Lucy and gives her a genuine, encouraging pat on the hand. *

JUNIOR
Tell me about him. Did you teach him to cook or -- *

But Junior is too much of a prize to let go; the bejeweled WOMAN on his left grabs his sleeve. *

WOMAN
My dear, I hear you've just given an indecent contribution to the Manhattan Museum. *

With her two dinner partners otherwise engaged, Lucy pretends to be intrigued with the discussion across the table. She leans forward to demonstrate her interest. Too far forward. When she sits back, the attention of the entire table is on her. She manages a smile. Then she follows everyone's eyes downward. In leaning forward, she's dipped the tip of her left breast into a dish of bright orange sweet and sour sauce. *

CUT TO:

15. INT. - HOLTS' DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy stands on bottom of the small staircase leading into the room where the guests are having after-dinner drinks. The evening has been a bit much; the wet, puckered fabric of her blouse over her breast attests to it. She spots Jason just above and gives him a "let's go" signal. But Jason doesn't see her; he's too involved with PHINEAS McCORKLE, an elfin, elegant, elderly man who's demonstrating how he'd like the wattles under his chin removed. From LUCY'S POV, WE SEE AND HEAR the men talking.

PHINEAS
I don't expect to look fifty, but...

Jason spots Lucy and motions her to come up.

JASON
(calling to Lucy)
Lucy, this is Phineas McCorkle. Of
McCorkle and McCorkle.

Lucy obviously has no idea who either McCorkle is. She takes the first step up. She does not notice that the hem of her long skirt has caught under the toe of her shoe.

LUCY
Of course. Hello.

She takes another step, and her other foot steps onto the skirt itself, which happens to have an elasticized waist; it begins to slide down. With her next step toward the men WE SEE the skirt sliding down past her hips.

JASON
McCorkle and McCorkle, and president
of the board of trustees of

He sees Lucy in her now half-off skirt and whispers

Knickerbocker Hospital.

Lucy looks down. Too late. She's in the middle of the last step now, and a second later, the skirt is a puddle of black silk on the rug with Lucy in the middle, clad in a blouse -- and pantyhose.

CUT TO:

16. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

The shop in the East Village, tiny to begin with, is so crammed with occult books that there is barely room for oxygen. Lucy walks sideways so she can get through the aisle between the Occult Philosophy shelf and a mountain of books topped by a sign: Reincarnation (New and Used).

(CONTINUED)

Lucy makes her way to the back where her sister, ZELDA ABRAMS, is seated at the rickety, book-strewn card table that is her desk. Zelda perpetually hovers on the brink of bizarre. Around her neck are a dozen amulets. When she moves, she clangs.

ZELDA
What's wrong? You look terrible.
Come on, you can't fool your own sister.

LUCY
I need to talk to you...about last
night. I was not at my most graceful.

ZELDA
You're never at your most graceful.

LUCY
I know. (BEAT) Actually it's more than
just last night. It's Jason. I think
he wants more stimulation.

ZELDA
Give him a laxative.

Zelda slips off a medal and tries to hang it around Lucy's neck, but Lucy pulls back. Zelda then flutters her hands over Lucy's head.

(chanting)
Rise up, O sleeping power of the
pure, living, breathing, healing
spirit, and mend this riven soul.
(conversational)
You know what the problem is, don't
you? Doctor Debonair's ambition.
It's unnatural.

Zelda begins rummaging through some junk-filled cartons on the floor and retrieves what appears to be a dead branch from a sickly tree. She touches it first to Lucy's head, then to her heart.

LUCY
Stop it! Come on, Zelda, you
know I can't stand this.

Of course, this doesn't stop Zelda.

ZELDA
I invoke the master magicians:
Zoroaster, Apollonius, Simon of the
Temple, the great Trithemius. I
invoke the keepers of the hearth...

Lucy grabs the stick from Zelda and puts it back in its carton.

LUCY
You know how I get when I'm nervous -- like the time I sat on Cousin Carol's cheesecake? Well, last night was the worst. And the awful thing is, Jason deserves respect, real recognition. He's a brilliant surgeon. So creative.

ZELDA
A tushie lift is creative?

LUCY
So it's not a sonnet. But he's a wonderful doctor...and husband. I wanted to help him.

ZELDA
You should never help a human being who earns his living by suctioning thigh fat.

CUT TO:

17. INT. - ROBBINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Danny is preparing an elaborate platter of summer fruit. In doing so, he's left a mess of watermelon pits, peach parings, and honeydew rinds. Lucy dampens a paper towel and makes a long sweep of the counter.

LUCY
Danny, cleaning up is not an unnatural act.

She hands the towel to Danny and joins Jason at the breakfast table. Danny reluctantly cleans up. Then he walks over to his parents and presents the fruit. He returns to the far part of the kitchen to work on his omelettes. Meanwhile, Lucy gazes at her husband; something is on her mind.

LUCY
Are you embarrassed I don't have a career?

JASON
I want you to do whatever makes you happy.

LUCY
But you know it would be easier when you introduce me if I could say, "Hi, I do microsurgery." Look at Kim. Wouldn't you like it if I were more like Kim?

JASON
I already made that choice -- remember? -- when I was in medical school and you and Kim were in college.

LUCY
I couldn't believe you picked me. I still can't. I thought you were gone on her. She was so beautiful, dynamic, so ---

Flippy rests her face on Lucy's lap and stares up at her adoringly.

Good Flippy.

JASON
Kim's all flash. The only interest she has in men is in what she can get from them. It was true then and it's truer now. I remember looking at her and then looking at you and thinking, Here's a girl I can take my shoes off with.

Danny returns with two perfect omelettes. Flippy clearly expects a third, but settles for a small piece of toast Lucy lets slip onto the floor.

LUCY
Danny, this is great!

JASON
There's no reason why you can't cook and go to Columbia.

DANNY
Dad, for the millionth time, this is the only thing I want to do. It's my calling. Like you're a surgeon and Mom's (BEAT) a mom.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. - "HAPPY DAYS" DAY CARE CENTER PLAYGROUND - DAY

A "Happy Days" sign with its cartoon characters hangs over the entrance to the playground. Lucy is helping a TEACHER gather together a group of THREE-YEAR-OLDS and their equipment. A LITTLE BOY with a terribly serious demeanor -- like a toddler-sized investment banker -- clings to Lucy's leg.

LUCY
Ready?
(leading children in song)
"No more work and no more play/
Time to put our toys away."

With the boy still clinging, Lucy edges over to the portable trampoline. With great subtlety and gentleness, she pries the boy loose and gets him to help her carry the trampoline. A moment later she calls ANOTHER BOY and

(CONTINUED)

places her end of the trampoline in his hands. The first little boy eyes her nervously, but Lucy gives him a reassuring glance and, at last, the two boys trot off with the trampoline.

TEACHER
You've made unbelievable strides with him.

Some MOTHERS wander into the playground to pick up their children. One of them is extremely pregnant, and Lucy gives her an encouraging salute -- and a somewhat longing glance. The teacher puts her hand on Lucy's shoulder.

You're absolutely indispensible.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. - ROBBINS' BACKYARD - DAY

It's the Robbins' turn to entertain. They've invited the Holts, Phineas McCorkle, Kim, and several other DOCTORS and their SPOUSES; they've come from Manhattan for an afternoon by the pool. While Phineas sips his drink, Flippy sneaks a canape off his plate.

The only fly in the day's ointment happens to be a few hundred flies -- and Zelda. WE HEAR Zelda's voice just before the CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal her regaling the guests.

ZELDA
So there we were, a circle of seven.
The best number for a seance and...

REGINA
(to Phineas)
I hear you're backing Edmond Kohler's new musical. How divine he --

ZELDA
Yoo-hoo! I'm talking.

Regina and the other guests cast weary looks at each other. Bill Holt rolls his eyes heavenward, only to spot a fly on his forehead. He smacks it with the palm of his hand.

Are you crazy? You want to kill a transmigrating soul? That could be Beethoven! (BEAT) Anyway, the medium was Mary Rooney. She came in from Philadelphia, and were we lucky she did because we just didn't get your usual tap-tap-tap. We heard the Other Side.

Jason pulls Lucy off to the side.

JASON
What is she doing here again?

LUCY
She left a crystal ball here yesterday
and she needs it for tonight. I didn't
think she'd actually sit down and stay.
Anyway, it's not so terrible --

JASON
Lucy, if I get the job, these are the
people I'll be working with. They
don't have to know my sister-in-law
has conversations with dead people.

LUCY
No one takes her seriously. She's
a little odd. That never bothered you.

CAMERA PANS to the guests. Phineas McCorkle watches a fly crawl up his arm, then glances fearfully over to Zelda.

ZELDA
No! Don't move! Let it seek its own
astral plane.
(to group)
Anyway, the voice was crystal clear.

Zelda's voice grows resonant as she relates what was said Over There.

"My name is Isidore Pincus. I am
Beyond." Now Beyond. He used to have
a shoe store on Kings Highway. "Hear
me. Urgent. Re-order wing-tips.
9 triple E's. Black." What a night!
It makes you glad to be alive.

CUT TO:

20. INT. - ROBBINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy enters, followed by Flippy. Danny is removing appetizers from a baking sheet and arranging them on a platter. He hands her one to taste.

LUCY
Wow, it's wonderful. What is it?

DANNY
Amuse-gueules aux champignons. Puff
pastry, Dijon mustard, and mushrooms.
They're so easy it's embarrassing.

LUCY
I should be so embarrassed. I didn't even try puff pastry until I was thirty-three, and then it was this disgusting, sticky blob, like something out of a low-budget horror movie. But you! You're a natural, Danny.

Danny saunters over to the kitchen table, sits, and, with typical teen-age politesse, gives another chair a kick, thus offering a seat to his mother.

DANNY
Well, I'm pretty good. And when I cook professionally, I'll be even better.

Lucy glances at the awesomely messy kitchen counter.

LUCY
I know, but how is it going to look having your mother following you to job interviews with a sponge and a Hefty bag? Danny, all I'm asking is that you behave responsibly -- and that you think about college.

DANNY
I'm thinking.

LUCY
Being an educated man is important. Nobody should go through life without reading The Tempest.

DANNY
Why not?

LUCY
Because it's beautiful. And because I don't want my smart, terrific kid to wind up a semiliterate dip with a spatula.

DANNY
Okay, every time I'm sitting around waiting for a souffle to rise, I'll read The Tempest.

LUCY
You'll read a cookbook or Rolling Stone or Sports Illustrated.

Just then, Kim flounces into the kitchen.

KIM
Danny! Another culinary triumph!

It's clear Danny has managed to remain immune to Kim's charm.

DANNY
Just some French stuff.

He gets up, grabs the platter and, as he passes by, offers Kim an hors d'oeuvre. Kim takes it and rolls her eyes as if she's experiencing orgasm rather than mushrooms. Danny gives his mother a familiar signal, a conspiratorial wink, then exits to pass the food around to the guests.

KIM
He is divine. But you -- Why are you in here if you have a live-in chef? Housewife's Syndrome! Hide in the kitchen. It's classic.

LUCY
Classic avoidance. Simple, yet elegant.

KIM
Stop pretending to be happy!

LUCY
I am happy, Kim.

KIM
But your whole life is wrapped up around your family. That's unhealthy. Don't you see Jason's horizons are widening?

LUCY
We're fine.

As Kim speaks, Lucy glances at Kim's perfectly polished nails -- and to her own unmanicured ones. Then she gets up and walks around the kitchen, touching her microwave, her coffee machine, as if they were talismans.

KIM
Fine. Except he wants a zippier life. Except maybe he'd like a wife who did a little more than worship him and make pot roast. (BEAT) Lucy, let me help you. Get some decent clothes, get a job. Let me help you keep Jason.

CUT TO:

21. INT. - LUCY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Lucy sits in her nightgown examining herself in the mirror. Jason peers out from the bathroom. Then he enters and stands behind Lucy.

LUCY
I know I'm over the hill. The
question is how far?

JASON
Don't be silly.

He puts his hands on Lucy's cheeks. She smiles at him in the mirror, expecting a caress. Instead, he pulls back the skin, demonstrating how she'd look after plastic surgery.

You could look like this.

For an instant, Lucy can't react at all. At last she forces herself to smile, then imitates Jason.

LUCY
(in deep voice)
But I wouldn't want that, Lucy.
I love you just the way you are.

Jason lets Lucy's face fall back into its natural lines. He smiles at her in the mirror.

JASON
Right.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. - PHINEAS McCORKLE'S SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Lucy and Jason walk up the landscaped lane toward Phineas McCorkle's commanding oceanfront house.

JASON
Look at all this! It's beyond
anything...I'm overwhelmed.

He sees Lucy is a little uncomfortable with his awed reaction.

Does that make me superficial?

LUCY
(smiling)
Yes.

But Jason's veneration for all this opulence does make Lucy uneasy.

JASON

Lucy, parties like this...This could be our future.

Lucy stops him. Clearly the future's been on her mind.

LUCY

I was thinking about our future.

Her concern obviously hasn't registered; Jason simply assumes "our future" means "my future."

JASON

It's a good sign, getting invited to Phineas McCorkle's. His Fourth of July parties are famous.

Lucy takes hold of her husband's hand.

LUCY

Jason, I want another baby.

JASON

Another what?

LUCY

A baby. I'm not too old. Look, we had Danny right away and then you had your internship, and then your residency, and then the Army and then you were setting up a practice, and then Danny was eight and you said he was too old for a sister or brother. But why not now? A little, sweet, teeny --

JASON

This is because Danny's graduated and you feel pressured to get a job.

LUCY

No. I really would love a baby.

Suddenly, Regina and Bill Holt come up behind them.

REGINA

Ah, the Collagen King! (BEAT) And his sweet little queen.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. - OCEANFRONT PATIO - TWILIGHT

A classical GUITARIST plays as WAITERS serve the GUESTS the latest in Andalusian party food. In the distance, WE SEE Kim in a backless and near-frontless dress, being charming to A MAN.

JASON
You think there'll be a Husband Number Four?

LUCY
What Kim spends a year on silk blouses
equals the national debt of Bolivia.
There has to be a Number Four. (BEAT) *
Of course, the way Number Three
died might make him nervous.

JASON
You mean during... *

LUCY
Or after. From what she said, *
he came..and went.

Just then, Kim glides over to them. Jason studiously avoids the vistas offered by her dress.

KIM
Jason, if you're trying to live life
in the fast lane, you have to move.
Circulate. Ooze charm. Don't be
seen talking to your wife.

Jason goes off to circulate.

LUCY
Is Husband Number Four here?

KIM
Slim pickings. They're married or they
dribble or they're otherwise engaged.

LUCY
To each other.

KIM
Right. There's one eligible man here.

Kim indicates the man in question. From Lucy's POV WE SEE Hastings Lacey, * Jr. in a 1957 white dinner jacket, standing by a buffet table, piling up on his plate what appears to be the Leaning Tower of Hors d'oeuvres.

LUCY
He was at that other party! He's such a nice man. He's -- *

KIM
-- *so* batty. He'd rather give money away than spend it. That's my ex-step-son, Hastings Lacey Junior. Big rich. He inherited *everything*. *
(regretfully)
I *wish* he didn't detest me.

LUCY
Can't you try being nice to him? *

KIM
No, he knows me too well. (BEAT) *
Every time I think of him sitting in that sixty-room mansion on Fifth Avenue --

ANOTHER MAN waves to Kim. She turns to Lucy.

His marriage is rocky. See you later.

As Kim hurries off to join the man, Lucy joins Jason and Phineas McCorkle. The three saunter over to a cabana made of awning-stripe canvas. Outside, there is a long table laden with platters, giant candles and elaborate papier mache decorations.

JASON
Phineas! An absolutely splendid party.

Lucy mouths "absolutely splendid?". It was never a Jason phrase.

PHINEAS
So glad. Now, Jason, I know our decision has been a long time coming, but you and Bill will know quite soon. We break ground on the new plastic surgery building in three weeks.

Lucy steps back so an UNSPEAKABLY STYLISH WOMAN can pass. She leans against a table. Her backside, alas, knocks over a candle.

LUCY
Sorry.

Too late. The candle causes the tablecloth to ignite. This sets fire to the papier mache, the table, and finally the cabana. The smoke quickly gets thicker and thicker until the entire patio is obscured.

FROM THE WATER'S EDGE WE SEE Phineas, the Holts, Kim and all the guests and waiters break through the black smoke and run, screaming, down the beach.

WE SEE Lucy again. She's still horrified, but that doesn't stop her; she begins to laugh. She turns, trying to hide this grotesquely inappropriate reaction and comes face to face with Hastings Lacey, Jr. That sobers up Lucy, but not for long. Junior Lacey has been taking in the mayhem too, and it's more fun than he's had in ages.

JUNIOR
You're the cat's meow! The cat's pajamas! The cat's...Gee, you're nifty. *

CUT TO:

24. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Lucy is helping Zelda pack up a shipment of books.

LUCY
Jason didn't say a word last night. I never knew human lips could be so tight. The cabana burned down -- and so did the dinner -- arroz con...arroz.

ZELDA
You know what knocked over that candle, don't you? Your essence.

LUCY
Actually, it was my behind.

ZELDA
Your behind was an instrument of your spirit. The very core of you is writhing in torment because Doctor Slick wants to schlepp you into a life of falsity in Manhattan.

LUCY
Zelda, you live in Manhattan.

ZELDA
I'm not like you.

LUCY
(kindly)
You're not like anyone. (BEAT) Look, I have to run. I'm meeting Kim for lunch.

ZELDA
Take something to coat your stomach.

LUCY
She's my friend. And after lunch she's taking me to the magazine she works for to look at fall clothes.

ZELDA
You want to look at fall clothes, you
wait till October! Why are you letting
that floozy lead you around by the nose?
If I've told you once...Lucy, she was
born under planetary influences that
are hostile to yours. She's bad news.

CUT TO:

25. INT. - ELEGANCE MAGAZINE FASHION DEPARTMENT - DAY

The fashion department contains almost as much clothing as the third floor of Bergdorf-Goodman. Lucy is battling a horribly stylish tube of white silk. Her head and arms are completely obscured.

LUCY
(voice muffled)
It's like being trapped in a Trojan.

Kim helps her fix the dress, then stands back to critique it.

KIM
This is not you. But don't worry.
We'll find your look.

LUCY
I never lost it. Come on, Kim, can't
I just be a nice, ordinary...

Kim hands Lucy a red Lycra jumpsuit. Lucy stares at it.

...suburban matron?

KIM
Try it.

Lucy shrugs, but then begins to wiggle out of the dress and into the jumpsuit as Kim whizzes through the racks and shelves.

LUCY
Why do I need a new look? Jason
likes the old one.

KIM
He liked it in college: adorable,
sweet. You're too old for adorable.

The two women's eyes meet in the mirror; they stare at Lucy's reflection in the red jumpsuit. Lucy looks so gorgeous that Kim pales beside her.

(brusquely)
This isn't you.

LUCY

If I had a trampy second cousin, this is what she'd look like.

CUT TO:

26. INT. - KIM'S ELEGANCE OFFICE - DAY

Kim has seated Lucy in her chair. Makeup is spread over her desk.

KIM

Don't move while I'm contouring your eyelids. (BEAT) If Jason gets to be chief at Knickerbocker, he won't be doing any more nose jobs on Welcome Wagon ladies. He'll be meeting the most dynamite women in the world, and he's going to be tempted.

Lucy tries to be nonchalant, but Kim is getting to her.

LUCY

Jason's really happy with me the way I am. He said he fell for me because I was the kind of girl he could take his shoes off with.

KIM

That's not a compliment. That's a warning. Listen to me. I'm out there. The older you get, the rougher it gets. I know what women will do to get a good man.

CLOSE UP of photograph in a silver frame: it's a picture of a florid-faced, elderly man with a grand, bushy moustache, a string tie, and a Stetson. Except for the moustache, the Texas gear, and twenty-five years, the man in the photograph resembles his son, Hastings Lacey, Jr.

There aren't any Hastings Laceys around for women our age. But forget Texas oil men. Do you know what the competition would do for a good-looking plastic surgeon who's under eighty and still has bladder control?

Kim completes Lucy's makeover with several coats of lipstick.

There. You look marvelous. Adult.

Lucy sighs; this is all too much to take in. Unthinkingly, she rests her cheek on her hand.

POV Lucy. The appalled expression on Kim's face. Lucy glances at her hand. It's covered with makeup. Then WE SEE one side of her face exquisitely contoured, and the other soft and natural.

LUCY
(apologetically)
I seem to have lost a cheekbone.

CUT TO:

27. INT. - ZELDA'S EAST VILLAGE APARTMENT - DAY

Zelda's studio apartment above her store is as eccentric as she is. It's strewn with occult books, bizarre wood and stone idols, incense burners, a shawl-draped armchair, astrological charts and a couple of crystal balls. Zelda is eating her lunch; it's a sphere as big as a softball. She offers Lucy a bite, ostentatiously ignoring Lucy's makeup and new dress.

ZELDA
A South Korean chicken ball. Delicious.

Lucy shakes her head no.

LUCY
But I'd love to see the chicken.

ZELDA
I don't like your aura. It's turning purple. Something's very strange.

LUCY
You.

ZELDA
No, besides me.

Zelda walks to her book shelf and kneels down.

It's somewhere...a book on auras.
With a color chart.

As Zelda searches, Lucy takes a small bite of the chicken ball. It's not bad, so she takes a bigger bite. Too big. She tries a half-smile of embarrassment, and attempts to clear her throat, but it doesn't work. Her grin becomes a grimace. Her face turns a dangerous red. She tries to call for Zelda, but no words come. Lucy bangs on the table.

(from crouched position)
Give me a second.

Lucy attempts to give herself the Heimlich maneuver.

(CONTINUED)

ZELDA (cont.)
I can't figure out that purple. Does it mean one of your past lives is maybe trying to send a message?

The Heimlich maneuver is not working. Lucy staggers toward Zelda.

Or maybe it's future-purple. You know, something is going to happen.

Lucy collapses at Zelda's feet.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. - EAST VILLAGE STREET - DAY

An ambulance shrieks its way along the street.

CUT TO:

29. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Lucy lies on a bed in the emergency room surrounded by DOCTORS and NURSES. Zelda, beside herself, has taken off two of her necklaces and swirls them over Lucy while a nurse tries to pull her away. A couple of the residents exchange fast get-rid-of-her looks, but the chief of the emergency room, DR. TOM RAZZANO, a strong, almost tough-looking man in his mid-thirties, just pushes Zelda to the foot of the bed. His manner is so gruff it's difficult to see his kindness.

RAZZANO
Keep out of our way.

He puts an oxygen mask over Lucy's face. CAMERA PANS to door of emergency room and WE SEE Jason arrive. For a moment he stands transfixed, watching the commotion around the table, then he races over. He quickly realizes it's Razzano who is in charge.

JASON
I'm Doctor Robbins.

RAZZANO
(working desperately)
Later.

JASON
I'm her husband.

Razzano is a marked contrast to Jason; he looks like what he is: a kid from the slums who had the brains and tenacity to pull himself up and out. He's all substance and no style. He turns to Jason for a second.

RAZZANO
We're trying. Give us some room.

Razzano and his colleagues work with increasing desperation. Razzano leans over her. He is surprisingly gentle. He smooths back Lucy's hair.

(to Lucy)
Come on, sweetheart.

POV Lucy, who sees Razzano's face coming closer.

Try. Try for me.

Again, POV Lucy. Razzano's face, in a GIANT CLOSE UP, is almost touching hers.

Come on. Live!

She stares into his eyes and we

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

30. EXT. - CEMETERY - DAY

The spires of Manhattan rise in the hazy distance. The MALE MOURNERS at Lucy's gravesite in the Queens cemetery are dressed in somber suits. All the WOMEN except Zelda seem to have the perfect little black funeral dress.

CLERGYMAN
A moment of silence for each of us
to remember our beloved Lucy.

Danny is crying, but manages to find enough strength to support his sobbing father. Around them, at least twenty WOMEN, friends and neighbors, press close, ready to offer Jason consolation.

Kim, gorgeous in black linen and pearls, weeps into a lace-edged handkerchief. Bill Holt stares at a pair of stick-out ears while Regina flutters her fingers in a fast wave toward Phineas McCorkle.

TIGHT SHOT of Zelda and the coffin. Zelda, in bright yellow, is grief-stricken but dry-eyed. She stares down, murmuring something to herself.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of grief that takes us through the next year. We INTERCUT scenes of Jason, Danny, Kim and Zelda as they deal with their loss -- and with life as it goes on.

31. Jason is in bed with a brandy reading GQ. He seems composed, but then he glances at the empty half of the king-size bed and his eyes overflow. CAMERA MOVES DOWN to the floor near Lucy's side of the bed and WE SEE Flippy staring, sad-eyed, out into space. *

DISSOLVE TO:

32. Danny is in the kitchen unmolding a timbale when suddenly he starts crying; he weeps into a dishtowel.

DISSOLVE TO:

33. Kim is at her word processor at Elegance. A sigh escapes her.

DISSOLVE TO:

34. Zelda stands near an overflowing bookcase in her shop; shoulders slumped, head down -- the posture of total loss.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. Phineas McCorkle wields the gold-plated shovel at the groundbreaking ceremony for the new plastic surgery clinic. Jason stands apart from the crowd looking downcast -- and very lonely.

DISSOLVE TO:

36. Danny is somber, but he's managing to concentrate on fluting a mushroom. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he's working in a gleaming restaurant kitchen. FELICITY GLICK, the pudgy, frizzle-haired and adorable chef (and owner of the restaurant) who's a few years older than Danny, gives him an encouraging smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

37. Kim and a PROSPEROUS MAN sit on a couch in her apartment. She opens a college yearbook and shows him a picture of her and Lucy. He manages a consoling nod before going for Kim. She allows herself to be comforted.

DISSOLVE TO:

38. Zelda sits alone on the floor of her apartment. She's holding a crystal ball in front of her face. First she knocks on it, but apparently nobody is home. Next she shakes it. Nothing. Finally she takes it into the kitchen and dumps it into the garbage pail.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. Jason is back at work, drawing lines on the face of an anesthetized patient, chatting with the SURGICAL RESIDENT and a NURSE. Both are female. Both are quite attentive.

DISSOLVE TO:

40. Danny brings an appreciative Felicity Glick a cup of coffee and a homemade croissant. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Danny climbing back into bed with her. CAMERA PANS to show their aprons dangling on the same hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

41. Kim is at the ultimate Hamptons tennis club; all the PLAYERS on the clubhouse patio wear the season's trendiest sportswear. Kim's DATE is obviously a tycoon, or at least a mogul -- the sort whose cigar is more phallic than his phallus. Kim is at her most charming, even when her date's eye wanders to an excessively young BLONDE.

DISSOLVE TO:

42. Zelda stands before a very large, old book. She's reading it for the first time; she scratches her head, then mouths the strange syllables laboriously.

DISSOLVE TO:

43. The board room at Knickerbocker is filled with VIPs including Jason, Regina and Bill Holt, and Phineas McCorkle. The huge mahogany table has an architect's model of the new plastic surgery clinic as its centerpiece and all around it are flutes of champagne. Phineas McCorkle lifts his glass, a signal for everyone else to do so. CAMERA PULLS BACK. The group is toasting the new chief of plastic surgery -- Jason Robbins.

DISSOLVE TO:

44. CLOSE ON a beautifully designed menu with the name "Felicity." CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE Felicity Glick leading Danny -- in his chef's hat -- to the most exclusive table in the restaurant. The PATRONS applaud him. CLOSE ON Felicity, who stands by him, basking with pride and love.

DISSOLVE TO:

45. Kim is at a table in the outdoor summer cafe at Lincoln Center. Across from her sits another of her MONIED ESCORTS. Kim gets up and walks to the bar. WIDE SHOT as CAMERA REVEALS Jason at a table with THREE OTHER DOCTORS. He rises also. As they near the bar, Jason and Kim nearly bang into one another. After an awkward instant, they greet each other warmly.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. Zelda is home, eating sardines from a can, studying the giant book. She nods knowingly; it's all becoming clear.

DISSOLVE TO:

47. The flame of a candle. And enjoying dinner for two are Jason and Kim.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. Another flame. A flash goes off and WE SEE the picture of the flame. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a newspaper photo of Danny and Felicity beside a spectacular buffet -- on the front page of the Living section of the New York Times.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. A flame. Zelda is lighting twenty-one candles: elegant tapers, stubby votives. She stands with the huge book and begins to chant.

MONTAGE ENDS.

CUT TO:

50. EXT. - CEMETERY - NIGHT

Once again, Zelda is surrounded by twenty-one candles. But this time, they're all covered with hurricane lamps. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show why; it's the dead of night and the wind is howling. Zelda stands before the great, ancient book. CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER to reveal the book resting on a tombstone. Opposite her is another stone engraved: **Lucy Robbins, Beloved Wife and Mother.** REVERSE SHOT of Zelda. She takes a deep, almost shuddering, breath, and starts to intone.

ZELDA

Mah-wah, tu-ree, kalabee-santee.
Lu-cy gol-do win-ja.

Trembling, she waits. Nothing happens.

Mah-wah, tu-ree, kalabee-santee.
Lucy gol-do win-ja!

Again, all is silence. Zelda backs away from the book, and tries a yoga stretch before trying again. But just then, there is a trembling of the earth around Lucy's grave. Zelda becomes so terrified she grabs a nearby tombstone to keep from keeling over. She whimpers:

Oh, no, no.

The trembling subsides. Zelda gazes at Lucy's tombstone.

Sorry, Lucy. I was chicken. (LONG BEAT)
(with fervor)
Mah-wah! Tu-ree! Kalabee-santee!
Lucy! Gol-do! Win-ja!

The ground starts to quake, and there is a cataclysmic roar. The earth rises higher and higher, and begins to crack. Zelda, naturally, faints.

And there, standing with her back to her own tombstone, looking healthy and bright-eyed, is Lucy Robbins. Lucy peers around. She obviously has no idea where she is. Suddenly, her eyes become huge. She's frightened by her surroundings and becomes more so when she sees Zelda's inert form. Lucy runs to her sister and kneels beside her.

LUCY
Zelda! Zelda, wake up.

Zelda's eyes open. Lucy sighs with relief, although that is cut short as Zelda starts to swoon again.

Stop it! What are you, in some kind of a trance? What are we doing here?

Zelda opens her mouth, but there are no words. Lucy helps her up, now less frightened than put out -- Zelda is behaving poorly.

Zelda, this is beyond bizarre.
(suddenly nervous)
It's spooky.

Lucy pulls a stunned Zelda toward the cemetery gate.

I honestly don't remember coming here. How did you talk me into this?

Zelda stares up at the stars and murmurs in absolute amazement:

ZELDA
It worked!

CUT TO:

51. INT. - SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

It's so late that only the drunk, the sociopathic -- and Lucy and Zelda -- are on the train. Both have a lot to say, and are determined to say it.

LUCY	ZELDA
Why are we on a subway? And where is my purse? Do you know how late it must be? What is Jason going to say when I walk in?	The ancient Catagonian incantation! I'd heard rumors, but who'd've thought it would be for real? And that I'd find it? The Unseen Hand directed me.

CUT TO:

52. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zelda's studio is in its usual state of semi-chaos. Zelda moves a huge phrenology chart off the couch to make room for Lucy. She leans it against a column that supports a bust of the mystic, Madame Blavatsky.

ZELDA
See, I was working against time. If I was going to bring you back,

(CONTINUED)

ZELDA (cont.)
it had to be exactly one year to the day after you died. Well, there's more to it than that, naturally. You know, astrological configurations, purity of soul. And the incantation, of course.

LUCY
Zelda, I don't have time for this. I have to get home.
(slightly vague)
Do I have a brisket defrosting?

ZELDA
Lucy, listen to me. I got this big shipment of used books from the estate of a white witch in Sandusky. A run-of-the-mill collection. Except there it was: The Wisdom of Catagonia.

Zelda goes to a table and reverently picks up the book.

It was all crumbly and see, it smells like gym socks, but what a treasure! A turn-of-the-century translation from the ancient Catagonian and a transliteration of the most important chants. I mean, they didn't bother with the Spell Against Garlic Breath. But they had all the spells for love, making money, healing -- and conquering death.

Lucy looks at Zelda with concern, pity, and even a little horror.

That was the killer, you should pardon the expression. See, the Bridge Between Life and Death can only work under extraordinary circumstances. Someone has to die before their time.

Lucy can't help it. She laughs at her sister.

LUCY
Zelda, you've reached a new plateau.

ZELDA
You don't believe me.

She drags Lucy to her table, picks up a Times obituary page -- cut out and carefully preserved -- and shakes it in front of Lucy's nose.

Look. Look at the date.

Lucy gives the page a quick once-over. She sees nothing until Zelda points out the small listing: ROBBINS, LUCY. Lucy stares in disbelief.

LUCY
You had this page made up at one of
those tourist stores on Forty-second
Street: "Doreen and Dwayne Watkins
Take New York by Storm."

ZELDA
No! I swear by the Ancient Healers.

LUCY
Okay. You brought me back from the dead.
(flippant)
Nice of you to take the time.

ZELDA
Wait! The condolence cards!

Zelda hauls out a stepladder and loses herself among her messy book shelves. Lucy walks over to Zelda's purse and, looking rather guilty, does a fast, silent search, and extracts a twenty dollar bill. She finds a pen and paper. CLOSE UP of note: Zel, took $$ for train home. I.O.U.

Lucy gazes at these three letters for a moment, then slips out the door.

CUT TO:

53. EXT. - ROBBINS' HOUSE - DAWN

Lucy, a little shaken, rings the bell and waits. And waits and rings again. She peers into the window. Her eyes widen in disbelief. From Lucy's POV WE SEE an entrance hall and living room covered in crimson flocked wallpaper -- with upholstery to match. Finally, a MAN in a black silk bathrobe -- with chest hair to match -- yanks open the door.

LUCY
Oh, sorry. I must be at the wrong...
(nervously, hopefully)
This isn't the Robbins' house?

MAN
It's the Burns residence.

Lucy sighs with relief.

Doctor Robbins was the previous owner.

CUT TO:

54. EXT. - SHOREHAVEN STREET - EARLY MORNING

Lucy stands in front of a new suburban shopping mall with its sign "Shorehaven Commons." The small, quaint railroad station is in the background. Just then, a COMMUTER passes on a bicycle, tie flying, attache case perched on the handlebars.

LUCY
Excuse me. Was this ever (BEAT)
a playground?

COMMUTER
They tore that down last fall.

CUT TO:

55. EXT. - SHOREHAVEN RAILROAD STATION - EARLY MORNING

A train pulls in and Zelda, in a supreme tizzy, rushes off and races down the platform. At the same moment, Lucy approaches the station from the playground. Her face is drawn, her walk slow and a bit unsteady. The sisters spot each other and rush into each others arms.

ZELDA
Where were you?

LUCY
Where's Jason? Where's Danny?
What happened to our house? What
happened to me? Is Flippy okay?

Simultaneously, they try to soothe each other. Then Zelda takes Lucy's hand and leads her to a newsstand just outside the station house.

ZELDA
Everything's, uh, fine. (BEAT) You
thought I was kidding before. Ho-ho-ho,
Zelda's making an occult joke.

She gestures toward all the magazines and papers -- and the NEWS DEALER.

Look at the date. A year's gone by.
You think I had them all made up on Forty-second
Street? You think he's in on the plot?

Lucy looks, and pales. Zelda puts a comforting arm around her and gently guides her onto the train.

CUT TO:

56. INT. - L.I.R.R. TRAIN - DAY

The sisters sit beside each other on this earliest of commuter trains to the city. Lucy doesn't believe what Zelda is saying, but she does know something is terribly wrong.

ZELDA
Your return was Meant To Be.

LUCY
What is going on? Did I hit my head?

ZELDA
You were dead.

Lucy, disbelieving, annoyed, shakes her head.

Lucy, remember the South
Korean chicken ball?

Lucy's eyes widen.

Hah! You remember. You remember
dying in the Knickerbocker Hospital
emergency room?

LUCY
I remember...

Her voice fades. What she is remembering -- although she doesn't know why -- is the last face she saw in her life: Tom Razzano's.

ZELDA
You choked on the chicken ball.
Anyway, you died before your time.
That's the first requirement in The
Wisdom of Catagonia. The second is
that the Evoker -- that's me -- has
to have a love that is utterly pure;
Catagonians didn't know from ambivalence.
So okay, you think that's it? No.
The spell only works a year from the
day of death and while it's being
intoned, the Earth, Moon, and the
Dog Star have to form a perfect
isosceles triangle.

Zelda beams at Lucy, convinced that everything is now clear. And it is clear to Lucy; whatever has happened, it has driven Zelda over the brink.

LUCY
I understand. Everything's fine now.

ZELDA
Lucy, you were dead! Dead! (BEAT)
When we get back to the city, go back
to the hospital if you don't believe me.
Ask to see your records. Lucy, you died.

CUT TO:

57. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Lucy's POV. CAMERA TRACKS through the emergency room and stops outside the windowed walls of Tom Razzano's office. He's had a rough night, but he can't bring himself to go home. He is holed up in his small, messy sanctuary, rubbing his eyes and sipping coffee to keep awake. His feet are up on his desk as he reads through a pile of reports. WE SEE his name on the door: Thomas Razzano, M.D., Chief of Emergency Medicine. Lucy stands in the open doorway and raps gently on the glass. *

LUCY
Dr. Razzano. Excuse me. Dr. --

Razzano looks up. Lucy can't speak another word. This is the face that's been on her mind ever since the train. She remembers him, and yet she knows she's never met him before.

From Razzano's POV, WE SEE Lucy, who looks not only pretty, but so appealing that he actually puts aside his report, sits up, and smiles -- which further dazzles Lucy. She enters his office and slowly lowers herself onto a chair. However, her aim is less than accurate and the chair, along with Lucy, crashes sideways to the floor. Razzano picks them both up. *

RAZZANO
(encouragingly)
Well, what can I do for you? *

LUCY
By any chance, do you remember me?

He'd remember her if he'd ever seen her. He stares at her, trying to figure out whether she's being sincere or coy; he hopes for sincere. Lucy, meanwhile, can barely manage a simple declarative sentence. *

LUCY
My sister...Some people might call her
peculiar...She says I was here a year
ago. Something got stuck in my throat.
That much I remember. Zelda -- my sister --
says I choked to death. They brought me
here to Knickerbocker.

Razzano stares. He's embarrassed, having been so attracted to a lunatic.

RAZZANO
(kindly)
I'm sorry, but if you don't take a walk, now, I'll have to call Security. *

LUCY
I know how crazy it sounds, but do I look even a little familiar? Maybe I was blue. Maybe my husband was there.

Razzano glances at her wedding ring.

Jason Robbins. He's a plastic surgeon.

RAZZANO
Wait a second.

Lucy realizes she's made a minuscule dent.

LUCY
My name's Lucy Robbins. Remember? There was this South Korean chicken ball...

RAZZANO
(to himself)
Robbins? Robbins. The new chief of Plastics.

LUCY
Wow! He made it!

RAZZANO
Robbins' wife died. (BEAT) Let me walk you over to Psychiatry. They've got some nice people you can talk to. *

LUCY
She died? Please, help me.

CUT TO:

58. INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Razzano strides down the hall. Lucy hurries to keep up.

RAZZANO
This is nuts.

CUT TO:

59. INT. - HOSPITAL X-RAY ROOM - DAY

Lucy, in a paper examining gown, stands beside Razzano as he compares her new x-ray with her old one. He's annoyed at Lucy, annoyed at his own contribution to this idiocy, but he can't seem to stop himself.

LUCY
I found myself in a cemetery.
And I don't know how I got there.

Razzano shakes his head in admiration.

RAZZANO
You're terrific at this. So sincere.
Come on, who put you up to it?

LUCY
I told you, I'm Lucy Robbins and --

Razzano ignores her while he studies the x-rays. Then he grabs her and pulls her out of the room.

CUT TO:

60. INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Razzano rushes Lucy along as she attempts to keep up with him and keep the back of the paper gown closed. When they come to a door marked "Hematology," he pushes her inside.

CUT TO:

61. INT. - HEMATOLOGY LAB - DAY

Lucy sits in a corner amidst the vials and centrifuges while Razzano looks into a microscope and compares two slides. A TECHNICIAN hands him a computer printout. Razzano reads it, then, not taking his eyes off Lucy, goes to the phone and dials an extension.

RAZZANO
Tom Razzano. Did you check?

He turns white and slowly hangs up the phone.

LUCY
My fingerprints matched the ones
from the...deceased?

RAZZANO
They matched.

CUT TO:

62. INT. - RAZZANO'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy sits in a chair; she's ashen. Razzano brings in a container of coffee and holds it out to her. Her hands are shaking.

RAZZANO
Listen, I'm no pill pusher, but I think
I ought to give you something to calm you down.

LUCY
Oh, no. I'm fine now.

To prove it, she takes the container firmly from Razzano -- and spills coffee all over his pants. It's a measure of Lucy's shock that she hardly notices.

LUCY
Am I alive?

RAZZANO
You're not dead.

Lucy looks up at Razzano.

LUCY
Is there anything (BEAT)
different about me?

Slowly, Razzano lowers himself into a catcher's stance so that he can look straight at Lucy. He's on the verge of giving her a long list of ways she is different. But he's so uneasy with this wave of feeling that he becomes professional in self-defense. He takes a long, objective look at her. Now he's more comfortable; his eyes start to glow with scientific curiosity. *

RAZZANO
I'm gonna order every test we've got.
You name it, we're gonna study it.

Lucy is overwhelmed by the confirmation of her death -- and by Razzano.

LUCY
(softly)
It was you, your face.

RAZZANO
I'm gonna call the department heads,
get everything set up.

Alive with excitement, he strides out to the corridor and disappears into the emergency room. Lucy watches him leave, thinks for a moment, then lifts his phone and dials 411.

LUCY
In, uh, Manhattan. The residence of
a Dr. Jason Robbins? And the address,
please. (LONG BEAT) 572 Park Avenue?

CUT TO:

63. EXT. - PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - DAY

The front of the building is guarded by a formidable DOORMAN. As a GRANDE DAME exits and he hails a cab, Lucy sneaks into the building.

CUT TO:

64. INT. - PARK AVENUE LOBBY - DAY

Lucy slips into an open elevator run by a solemn ELEVATOR OPERATOR.

LUCY
(more solemnly-than-thou)
Dr. Robbins.

The doors close and we

CUT TO:

65. INT. - PARK AVENUE VESTIBULE - DAY

Lucy faces an imposing MAID.

MAID
Dr. Robbins is not up as yet.

LUCY
Not up? It's almost lunchtime.

MAID
If you'll be so good as to leave your name --

The maid doesn't have a chance to finish. Instead, Lucy pushes past her.

CUT TO:

66. INT. - APARTMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor looks frigid and ultra-fashionable, with bleached white wood floors and rough, dry-plastered, all-white walls. Lucy races down the hall, opening doors. At each she calls:

LUCY
Jason!

CUT TO:

67. INT. - JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is as cold as the corridor: white walls and bare floor, with a bed that is merely a mattress floating on a gray leather platform. The only other object in the room is a precisionist metal sculpture that resembles a perfect icicle.

TIGHT SHOT of Jason lying in bed, looking quite content. From his POV, the door bursts open. And there is Lucy.

From Lucy's POV, WE SEE he has company in bed: Kim.

Lucy is dumbstruck at the sight of her husband and her best friend. Not so Jason and Kim; once they actually see Lucy, they start to scream -- hysterically. This sets Lucy off. Her shrieks are so loud, so raucously out of control, that Jason and Kim bellow even louder, utterly unstrung at the sounds coming from Lucy.

WIDE SHOT when, as if on cue, the three fall silent. They continue to stare at each other in horror and disbelief. A strange-looking clipped dog enters and noses Lucy. She gives it a reflexive pat on the head while continuing to stare at Jason and Kim. The moment seems as though it might last forever, but then the maid -- terrified -- tiptoes up to the door.

MAID
Mrs. Robbins?

LUCY	KIM
Yes.	Yes.

MAID
Bye.

The maid turns on her heel -- and runs.

Lucy looks back on Kim and Jason lying on their expensive white linens, with their white-on-white monogram. She slowly comprehends; this couple in the bed is Dr. and Mrs. Robbins.

LUCY
Oh my! (BEAT) Oh my!

CUT TO:

68. INT. - JASON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room Lucy, Kim, Jason, and the odd-looking dog are in is large, and about as warm as the inside of a tomb. It is stylish though, with mirrored walls hung with a few stark Pearlstein-like figure studies; white marble floors, and black Le Corbusier furniture.

Jason is dressed in a Savile Row suit and an Hermes tie. He no longer looks professorial; the glasses are gone. His hair is cropped close, obviously a new and very fashionable style for this most fashionable of men. Kim, however, is in a white silk robe so transparent that it's clear why Dr. Robbins has taken to staying in bed so late.

JASON
(voice shaking)
I can't believe...I can't accept...
(emotion turning to anger)
This is some sort of grotesque joke.

LUCY
Jason, it's me.

The dog sighs contentedly and lies down at Lucy's feet, resting his head on her shoes. Finally, Jason walks over to her and touches her arm. She's thrilled, until she realizes he's examining her to see if it's real.

JASON
You're warm!

LUCY
Of course I'm warm! What did you think,
that it would be like feeling up a lox?
(BEAT) Put on your glasses, look at me.

JASON
I don't wear glasses anymore.

LUCY
It must be a lot of laughs in
the operating room.

JASON
I wear contact lenses.

LUCY
You always said you looked moronic
without your glasses.

KIM
This is insane! Why are we talking
to you? This isn't you.

Lucy starts to flash her old friendly grin when she realizes the situation. She's further intimidated by Kim's sexy robe. Lucy tries not to stare, but she can't help it; Kim has an extremely voluptuous bosom, one that was never in evidence before. Kim notices Lucy's glance.

KIM
Jason did me. (BEAT) Who are you?

LUCY

Kim, it's me. You've known me since freshman year of college.

(singing)

"To D Phi E sing praises/
Of girls in yellow blazers..."

Kim shivers with terror and recognition.

KIM

Stop it! You're dead! Buried!

LUCY

I think...It seems that I was, but Zelda had this book...she did this incantation or whatever and, well, here I am. Again.

Lucy turns to Jason.

LUCY

Where's Danny? Is he okay?

JASON

(still aghast)

He's fine.

LUCY

(delighted)

Oh Jason, tell me. I'm dying to... I guess I'd better rephrase that. I can't wait to see him.

The dog sits up and gives Lucy a great, slurping kiss. Absentmindedly, Lucy scratches it behind its ear.

Did he go to Columbia? Is he --

The dog bestows several more fervent kisses. Lucy turns and for the first time looks the creature in the eye. Her eyes widen in amazement.

Flippy?

The dog gives a bark of delight and leaps on her. Lucy responds with a passionate hug. Then she strides toward Jason. Flippy follows.

How could you do this? She looks like she's in basic training.

But Lucy's stride is too long -- and the marble floor too smooth. Suddenly, she's doing a slow split, and she can't stop herself.

POV Lucy on the floor: Kim gives Jason a "Do something" look. Jason rushes over and pulls Lucy up.

JASON
Let's go for a walk. We'll talk.

Lucy brightens. Kim does not; she makes a move to join them. But Jason is determined to get these two Mrs. Robbinses apart.

(to Lucy)
Just the two of us.

He holds open the door for Lucy. She is so busy glowing she does not notice when Jason turns to Kim and gives her a private nod of reassurance.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. - JASON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Lucy and Jason walk out the front door, she starts to link her arm through his. Jason stiffens, and when he speaks, it's out of the side of his mouth, like a convict in a prison movie.

JASON
The doorman knows I'm married.

Lucy disengages her arm. She's hurt, but she's trying not to show it.

LUCY
Chief of plastic surgery! You must be so proud. (BEAT) Jas, let's not be phonies. It was not the biggest thrill of my life to come in and find you and Kim Lacey --

JASON
Robbins.

LUCY
-- in bed together.
(condescendingly)
But I understand. I guess marrying her was a way of...keeping me alive.

JASON
Um, are you, uh, feeling all right?

LUCY
Actually, I'm starved. I haven't eaten for...

She laughs a little nervously. Jason shudders and we

CUT TO:

70. INT. - RESTAURANT - DAY

Lucy and Jason Robbins sit beside each other in a restaurant that is high-style middle-American. Lucy smiles expectantly at Jason. In response, he reaches out and tilts up her head and opens her eyes to examine them.

JASON
This is phenomenal! Your vital
signs look normal.

Jason lapses into silence. Lucy realizes he's still somewhat numb.

LUCY
This must be such a shock for you.

She can't resist soothing Jason. She strokes his new haircut. He pulls back.

Stop it, Jason! I'm not "It Came From the
Crypt." I'm your wife. (BEAT) What are
we going to do about Kim?

Jason gets a reprieve as the WAITER approaches.

WAITER
Hi! What can I get you? Ma'am?

Lucy stares at him, then looks around, realizing the relentless trendiness of the place.

LUCY
Maybe some steamed vegetables and --

JASON
(whispering)
That was last year.
(aloud to waiter)
We'll have the meatloaf, mashed
potatoes, red-eye gravy, and succotash.
(suddenly, to Lucy)
Can you (BEAT) eat?

LUCY
Of course I can eat. Hey, how come
for the last five years you wouldn't
let me make my meatloaf?

The waiter walks off, breathing a sigh of utter ennui.

How could you ask: "Can you eat?"
What do you think I do? Gobble
small, nocturnal animals?

To prove herself, she eats a piece of bread.

LUCY
Feh!

JASON
Home cooking is in.

LUCY
Succotash, with those slimy lima beans?

JASON
I happen to have developed a fondness for succotash.

Lucy ribs Jason as she did in earlier scenes. She imitates his voice and repeats his words.

LUCY
(in her deep Jason voice)
"Does that make me superficial?"

Lucy smiles. Jason looks perplexed; he no longer gets it.

JASON
We have to talk. Lucy, you don't seem to have absorbed the reality of the situation. I loved you. I really did. But now I'm married. *

LUCY
Me too. I'm your wife. Now look, we can't rush into this. We can't hurt Kim. I know you think she's cold, hard...

Lucy notices the shocked look on Jason's face.

(tenderly)
Was it awful for you, Jas? You must be overwhelmed. It's been a year.

Lucy gazes up at Jason, then closes her eyes, waiting to be kissed. Jason responds with a torrent of sincerity.

JASON
A year. (BEAT) Lucy, this must be so hard. I've been sitting here thinking about myself, my reaction, not really comprehending the trauma you must be going through.

(CONTINUED)

JASON (cont.)
(with forced enthusiasm)
You haven't seen the new plastic surgery wing. Let me share that with you.

CUT TO:

71. EXT. - EAST EIGHTIES - DAY

As Lucy and Jason walk along, Lucy realizes all the WOMEN are wearing plain slacks, bermuda shorts and skirts with the most simple cotton sweaters.

LUCY
Look at what they're wearing! It's like an invasion from Westport.
(as a movie title)
"The Attack of the Understated."

JASON
Simplicity is in.

LUCY
Great! (BEAT) Are housewives in?

JASON
Well, housewive's clothes are in. Warmth, homeyness -- it was Kim's concept and it's really taking off. The smartest, toughest women want to make a sweet, maternal fashion statement. *

LUCY
They can always hire someone to come up to their offices and spit up pablum on their Armani suits.

Just then, they arrive at a construction site. The new wing, almost completed, is a stunning but frigid-looking glass structure. POV Lucy: Through the glass, the wing's back wall is the old, weathered stone facade of the hospital, with a graceful flight of stairs leading up to what was the visitors entrance and two ornate carriage lamps on either side. *

LUCY
The new clinic? But they were just getting ready to break ground. (BEAT) It's like someone put the world on fast forward.

JASON
We're having a gala opening right after Labor Day.

Jason looks at Lucy, obviously expecting an outpouring of praise for the building. Lucy, good wife that she is -- or was -- gives it her best shot. *

LUCY
It's so wonderfully...modern! *
(more honestly)
It's beautiful, Jason, but it looks like
some avant-garde architect tippy-toed in
one night and stuck it on with Crazy Glue.

JASON
(wearily)
Lucy, don't you see the wit? The droll *
hommage to Classical Revival style played
against the architectonic --

Fortunately, before Lucy can start laughing, they notice a fellow surgeon strolling up the street toward them. Lucy smiles and starts to wave. Jason practically tackles her. *

LUCY
That's Bob Fiske! I just want *
to say hello.

JASON
You can't say hello! He was at *
your funeral.

And then, before she can protest, Jason pulls her away, into a park right across the street. *

CUT TO:

72. EXT. - CARL SCHURZ PARK - DAY

Lucy and Jason walk along a path, now and then moving to the side to make room for RUNNERS. Lucy can't believe the respectable distance between her and Jason. He peers at his watch.

LUCY
You're acting like I'm a blind date that's
not working out. I'm your wife. We've
been married nineteen -- twenty? -- years.

JASON
We were married nineteen years.

LUCY
(LONG BEAT) And you and Kim?

JASON
Five months.

Lucy stops short and does a fast calculation.

LUCY
(bellowing)
I'm dead seven months and you remarry!
What did she do, wear something
see-through to the cemetery?

Jason tries to ignore the runners who slow down and stare. He makes himself grab onto Lucy's arm to hurry her along. Lucy interprets his touch as a loving gesture, a rapprochement. She puts her arms around him.

Jason, I didn't mean to yell.
I love you.

JASON
Let me try to help you understand.
When I ran into Kim we were both in
the midst of the grieving process.
But then I realized how much she
meant to me. She's so lively, so
involved, so elegant, witty...

LUCY
But can you take your shoes off with her? *

JASON
There's more to life than wiggling your toes. *
Kim and I have a great deal in common. Our
aesthetic sensibility. Our world view.

LUCY
Your world view was that Kim is full of it.

JASON
I was so intimidated by her glamour --
even way back when -- that I couldn't
see beneath the surface. But I've changed,
Lucy. Moving to the city was just the
culmination of a lot of personal growth.
(BEAT) And Kim and I have established
an extremely profound relationship.

LUCY
Oh, poop, Jason! Total poop!
(contrite)
Jason, you're my life.

JASON
I want to help you make another life.
Please, I never want you to doubt that
I care. I do care. Deeply.

Lucy tries to be lighthearted; if she isn't it would hurt too much.

LUCY
Hey, I'm Lucy. You don't "care deeply."
You love me.

JASON
I want to make every provision for
you. Um, unfortunately, right now
there's a bit of a cash flow problem.

LUCY
You're broke! Oh, Jason, that's sad.
You think I don't remember how much
you said you'd be making in Manhattan? *
What is she buying now? Fifty thousand
dollar spray-can paintings that look
like graffiti in a men's room?

JASON
Kim cares passionately about art. *

LUCY
She cares about being invited to cocktail
parties! And she gave my beautiful dog
a crew cut so she wouldn't have to be
embarrassed in front of her interior
decorator, and

She puts her hands on her hips, trying to look tough. But tears fill her eyes.

I want Flippy back!

CUT TO:

73. EXT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Lucy waits under the restaurant's canopy. Jason comes out -- followed by Danny. Danny stops and stares at Lucy. Then he turns to Jason.

DANNY
This isn't funny!

Angry at his father, but a little disturbed, (it's not like Jason to try and pull such a painful practical joke) Danny starts to march up to Lucy.

(to Jason)
What is this? A mask? A double? I
don't think this is funny at all.

Danny comes up to Lucy. She reaches out to touch his face, and his knees buckle. Just in time Lucy grabs him. He stares into her eyes. She gives him their old signal, that fast, conspiratorial wink.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (cont.)

Oh Mom!

CUT TO:

74. INT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Danny stands with Lucy in a corner of the huge kitchen. It's a scene of traditional kitchen chaos: SOU-CHEFS and ASSISTANTS zip about, displaying varying degrees of hysteria.

DANNY

Aunt Zelda?

LUCY

I know. The last time I believed in her, she told me she could make my chocolate chip cookie disappear. She mumbled something like "Gooba-gooba", waved it in the air -- and then stuffed it into her mouth.

Lucy smiles and peers around the kitchen. She grabs Danny's hand. POV Lucy. Her herbs in their Mexican terra cotta pots are thriving.

LUCY

These chives! The tarragon! And look what you've done with the rosemary! It never grew like that for me.

Lucy walks over and plucks off a leaf of basil. She examines it as if it had a picture of her old life drawn on it.

DANNY

Um, Mom. Did Dad tell you about...

LUCY

(too brightly)

Kim? Don't worry. Once he's had a chance to think it over, it'll be fine.

DANNY

You know, Mom, a lot can happen in a year. With me for instance --

Lucy touches his arm tenderly and cuts him off.

LUCY

I know. (BEAT) But with Dad it was different. He wasn't one of those forty-three-year-old guys in tennis shorts who have meaningful

LUCY (cont.)
relationships with Swedish airline stewardesses. I died. People tend to view that as final.

CUT TO:

75. EXT. - GREENWICH VILLAGE CARRIAGE HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The house is one of those small, quirky, and completely charming clapboard houses on a street like Greenwich Mews.

LUCY
You live here?

DANNY
It's been a wonderful year.
Oh, Mom, I didn't mean...

LUCY
I know. Danny, I'm so proud.

DANNY
You should be. You got me started.
Remember the chocolate mush cake?

Felicity opens the door.

Mom, this is Felicity Glick.

Felicity beams at them.

The great restaurateur. (BEAT)
And my wife.

CUT TO:

76. INT. - GREENWICH VILLAGE CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny stands before an elaborate array of cold seafood. The carriage house is furnished in warm, simple country French style. The only excess is a wildly elaborate kitchen. Lucy stares at it with appreciation and a little awe; she can't believe this dream of a kitchen is her son's. And then she turns and on a wall facing the table and chairs is her collection of framed fruit crate labels. She has to sit down.

LUCY
My California fruit crate labels!
Oh Danny, you really kept me with you.
I can just imagine you: snipping parsley

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (cont.)
from my pots in the restaurant, sitting
here crimping pie crusts and thinking about

A funny expression crosses her face.

your late mother. (BEAT) Where are
my other things?

DANNY
(uncomfortable)
I'm not sure. I have most of the
kitchen stuff, but maybe the rest...
I guess...given away.

LUCY
You mean (BEAT) donated?

Danny -- reluctantly -- nods. He arranges the seafood on a platter.

It's kind of strange to imagine my red
velvet hostess gown in the window of
the thrift shop of The Nassau County
Friends of the Emotionally Inadequate.

Danny beats up a batch of mayonnaise. It splatters and from Lucy's POV WE SEE a CLOSE SHOT of the messy counter and, not far away, a sponge. Lucy walks to the counter, but before she can get there she's nearly paralyzed with shock. Danny has cleaned up after himself; not only that, his spices and utensils are lined up in perfect order. Lucy is thrilled.

You're neat! I never thought I'd live
to see the day...Actually, I didn't.

FELICITY
Mrs. -- Mom, I guess this isn't easy.

LUCY
You like to think, Well, if anything
happens, everybody I love is strong
enough to carry on. But everyone seems
to have carried on so well. (BEAT) And
Danny being married. He's so young.

DANNY
I'm just a year younger than when
you got married.

LUCY
That was twenty years ago, before
women were people.
(to Felicity)
He's nineteen.

FELICITY
I know. I said, Hey Big D, we can't get married. Who ever heard of a child groom?

LUCY
And what did he say?

FELICITY
He said why buy two sets of pots and since we were already --

DANNY
(interrupting)
Felicity, get me a couple of lemons.

Felicity goes to the refrigerator as Danny finishes the mayonnaise.

Mom, you don't seem to realize the importance of what's happened to you.

FELICITY
He's right. It's (BEAT) earth-shattering.

DANNY
If the news about what Aunt Zel did got out, it would change the way people look at...at life.

This is too much for Lucy to accept. She turns from Danny to Felicity.

LUCY
By any chance...Do you know what's happened on Knots Landing?

CUT TO:

77. INT. - ZELDA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is a small, but high-ceilinged room with a skylight. Lucy is in the shower. Zelda is leaning against the wall.

ZELDA
Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Lucy sticks her shampoo-covered head out of the shower.

LUCY
Jason is my husband.

She goes back under the shower.

ZELDA
So what's he doing with that trollop on Park Avenue? Taking her temperature?

CUT TO:

78. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy comes out from the bathroom, hair still damp, and enters the studio that is her sister's apartment. As she walks, she examines the pattern of the dress she is wearing; it's one of Zelda's, and stunningly tasteless, with a long, flowing skirt and an embroidered bodice.

LUCY
Thanks for the dress. Who'd have thought they could do so much with orange and chartreuse?

She glances up and there, on the couch beside Zelda, is Tom Razzano. For a moment, he and Lucy stare at each other. Razzano recovers first. He stands, and slowly walks to her.

LUCY
Oh. Hello.

She's putting all her energies into being casual, willing herself not to be attracted to Razzano. But then, he takes her hand.

(nervously)
How have you been?

RAZZANO
Shhh.

Lucy stares, astounded, unconsciously thrilled...that is, until Razzano coolly begins to take her pulse.

A little more rapid, but not significant. (BEAT) How come you ran out on me this morning? I was getting the tests set up... *

Lucy casually saunters toward a chair -- and knocks a small bust off a pedestal. It crashes onto her bare foot. *

ZELDA
Madame Blavatsky!

Zelda runs and hugs Madame Blavatsky to her heart while Razzano helps Lucy to the couch. She sits quietly, sneaking fast, unconscious glimpses of him while her foot rests in his lap as he examines it.

RAZZANO
Not broken.

Zelda takes something from Madame Blavatsky's neck, and hands it to Lucy. *

LUCY
It's my locket!

Lucy is thrilled. She opens the locket and shows it to Razzano.

This is my son, Danny, when he was
six months old.

RAZZANO
He's really cute...what you'd look like *
without teeth and hair.

Lucy closes the locket and slips it over her head.

LUCY
(to Zelda)
Where did you get this?

ZELDA
From Dr. Plastique. He asked me if I was
interested in any of your personal effects.
So I went through them, but this was the only
thing that still had your emanations. They
disappear very fast from clothing. Well, sometimes
you find incredibly powerful vibrations in old
brassieres, but yours just had a slight hum.

Zelda goes back to communing with Madame. Razzano does not seem to realize he's still holding Lucy's foot. Finally she draws it away. They're both discomforted by the end of an intimacy they hadn't admitted existed.

RAZZANO
Tomorrow morning at the hospital.
Eight-thirty. No breakfast. And --

LUCY
Yes?

Razzano wants to say something charming or witty or memorable, but he's overwhelmed at having fallen for Lucy so hard. *

RAZZANO
-- bring your first morning specimen.

He stands up straight, trying to look cool and doctorly, but a fast smile breaks through before he turns and rushes back to his more comfortable, familiar world. *

CUT TO:

79. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Jason hurries along the corridor where Lucy is waiting. She taps him on the shoulder. Jason does more than jump; he's so astounded by her being there he nearly leaps.

JASON
What are you doing here?

Lucy holds up a brown paper bag.

LUCY
My contribution to science. Doctor Razzano has arranged all sorts of tests and --

As a group of DOCTORS walk toward them, Jason quickly positions himself in front of Lucy, hiding her from them.

JASON
You can't be seen here! If you have those tests, if word gets out, you'll be... practically a freak. No one will *
(conjuring up hideous possibilities)
wave to you in restaurants. They won't want you at their table at charity benefits. Lucy, your life would be cold, empty --

LUCY
No, _your_ life would be cold and empty. *

Jason rushes her down the corridor.

CUT TO:

80. EXT. - PATIENTS' LOUNGE - DAY

Jason steers Lucy onto a terrace, continuing to weave back and forth to block her from view. A couple of PATIENTS sit quietly in bathrobes. He leads her to the farthest corner.

LUCY
Admit it. We had a wonderful marriage.

JASON
I was very, uh, content.

LUCY
You make it sound like you were married to a cow.

JASON
No, no. no. But there's something to be said for (BEAT) heat.

LUCY

What's wrong with you? Amnesia? We had heat. But after nineteen years, if you get the urge, and the roast beef's ready, you can wait till after dinner.

Jason leans on the edge of the balcony facing out toward the city.

Was it such a humiliation to you that I am -- was -- am a housewife? Is writing about Italian knitwear so much more important than keeping a house, raising a child?

JASON

You're a fine, fine person --

LUCY

Please come back.

JASON

-- probably better than I deserve.

Then he shakes his head no.

LUCY

You're my husband. Hey, you know something? You really are! We're not divorced.

JASON

I spoke with my attorney. You're right; we're not legally divorced. (BEAT) But you're legally dead.

It's so harsh, but Lucy forces herself not to cry. Instead, she makes a brave attempt at nonchalance, waving away Jason's remark with a broad sweep of her hand. Too broad. Her hand whacks Jason in the face, giving him a slight but incontrovertible bloody nose.

LUCY

(horrified)

Oh Jason! I'm sorry.

As she apologizes, she reaches into her handbag for a tissue -- but comes up with a mini-pad. Jason pulls out his own handkerchief.

How could you have married her?

JASON

I hate to say this, but I have to live my life on a broader canvas.

LUCY
Come on, Jason, don't talk to me like that. I'm not some hot little number you met at an artsy cocktail party. Damn it, I'm your wife!

JASON
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!! Lucy, you've got to get out of here.

She peers around the terrace.

No, out of town. This could be devastating. You have to get away. Arizona!

LUCY
I don't know anyone in Arizona.

JASON
That's the point. You'll go someplace where no one knows you, where you can start a new life, use another name. (BEAT) Lucy, I have a new life and it's marvelous. I had a nice, clean second chance

He smooths the front of his custom-made, monogrammed shirt.

and I grabbed it.

LUCY
You know what you grabbed, Jason? Glitz. True glitz.

JASON
That's not fair. I'm living a rich, resonant, fun life -- parties, opening nights, the best people. And I'm a better surgeon for it.

Lucy can't help it; she knows Jason too well. She starts to laugh.

That's hostile laughter. But I understand...and I'm still on your side. Listen to me; now it's your turn. Seize the day. You're not doomed to be a housewife.

Jason is so aglow at the force of his own words -- and so full of himself -- that he does not notice Lucy slip off her wedding band and drop it over the ledge of the terrace, ten stories above the street.

(CONTINUED)

JASON (cont.)
Lucy, you can be anything!

CUT TO:

81. INT. - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Lucy, sitting on an examining table and draped with a sheet, is getting a preliminary checkout by Razzano. He checks her throat and glands.

LUCY
Am I normal?

RAZZANO
You seem normal. It would be a shame if you turned into something hairy with fangs at night. You don't, do you? *

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY
I'm asking because I have to make plans for my life. I have to know (BEAT) how long am I going to be around?

RAZZANO
Listen, I wish I could give you some nice guarantee. But you're just like the rest of us. You'll be around fifty years. Or five minutes. *

Lucy takes a minute to absorb that.

LUCY
I don't know what plans to make. A year ago I was a housewife, mother, volunteer. And now I'm a free woman.
(seriously)
I should want a job...to be something.
(whimsically)
A mezzo-soprano, a meteorologist.

RAZZANO
You sing?

Lucy shakes her head.

You like weather?

LUCY
No. What I really like is being around the house.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (cont.)
But these days everybody's a vice-president.
(wearily)
Returning from the dead was a cinch.
Life is exhausting. *

Just then, the door of the examining room bursts open and Jason stomps in.

JASON
Lucy! Get your clothes on!

RAZZANO
Stay put!

JASON
Lucy, I thought I told you no.
(to Razzano)
If this gets out...Forget about me.
(with great nobility)
It would be terrible for Lucy, for this hospital, for you, Doctor.

RAZZANO
Don't you understand what a fantastic chance this is? We work ourselves till we're punchy for one reason: to beat out death -- even though we know eventually we've gotta lose. But she won. And if there's anything about her that can tell us why, we have to learn about it.

Lucy turns to Jason.

LUCY
Jason, this is my new life now, the one you told me you're not part of.

Jason, in a monumental huff, EXITS. Lucy turns to Razzano. He puts a stethoscope in his ears and starts listening to her chest. *

And has it occurred to you that I'm something more than a body?

Razzano may talk tough, but as he talks, he takes a strand of hair that's fallen over Lucy's forehead and gently pushes it back. *

RAZZANO
Yeah, sure, you're a human being with feelings. Breathe.

Lucy takes the stethoscope and speaks into it like a microphone.

LUCY
I am a human being!

Razzano yanks off the stethoscope. She gazes straight at him and he looks right back at her -- and then he smiles and shakes her hand. *

RAZZANO
So am I. *

CUT TO:

82. EXT. - PARK AVENUE - DAY

Lucy paces nervously a few feet away from Jason's building. Finally, Danny emerges -- with Flippy on a leash.

LUCY
I can't believe I got custody without major litigation.

DANNY
Are you kidding? The last thing Kim wanted was something alive in there.

LUCY
We're lucky she didn't stuff her and spray her silver.

They head downtown, led by the perpetually uncool Flippy.

DANNY
How could you have been friends with Kim?

LUCY
At least I didn't marry her.

They stop at a corner for a traffic light with several PEDESTRIANS; one of them is a formidable ELDERLY RICH LADY carrying her D'Agostino shopping bag in a white-gloved hand. Flippy noses into the shopping bag and, before Lucy can stop her, pulls out a lamb chop and piece of attached butcher paper. Just as Lucy bends to disengage Flippy from her treat, the rich lady turns and sees Lucy, apparently groveling through her shopping bag. Fortunately, at that instant, the light turns green. The lady yanks her bag away, glares at Lucy -- and steams ahead. Lucy and Danny continue their walk and their conversation. *

I always thought that underneath all Kim's razzmatazz there was this good-hearted, sensitive human being.

DANNY
Underneath the razzmatazz is more razzmatazz. And what she's done to Dad...he has a velvet smoking jacket.

LUCY
And teeny, weeny initials on his shirts. I don't get it, Danny. Dad -- your father -- Jason and I never went in for deep "What is the meaning of life?" discussions, but I knew...I thought he loved our life.
(softly)
It only took him seven months to throw out everything we'd done together.

She pauses and then takes Danny's hand.

Well, we did have one shining moment. You. (BEAT) Glad to have me back?

DANNY
Yeah.

Suddenly he makes a broad, Elizabethan bow.

"Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss."

Lucy peers at him, confused.

Act II, Scene 1. (BEAT)
The Tempest, Mom.

CUT TO:

83. INT. - NEUROLOGY LAB - DAY

Wires run from her head. Lucy is hooked up to an EEG. A NEUROLOGIST and Razzano examine the graph.

LUCY
(to Razzano)
Were you ever married?

NEUROLOGIST
Quiet!

After a moment, they remove the sensors. The neurologist moves off and begins to enter his findings into a computer.

LUCY
(to Razzano)
Were you?

RAZZANO
Yeah, she left me.

LUCY
Why?

RAZZANO
She was normal. (BEAT) Like you. *
She was this bright, warm-hearted
girl who wanted a husband and kids
and a normal life, and I couldn't
give it to her. I'd be on for three
days straight, and sometimes, you know,
I'd forget to call, and she couldn't
take that. She'd made lasagna -- and
she and the lasagna had been sitting
there waiting for me for forty-eight hours.

Razzano leans against the examining table so that he's closer to Lucy. *

(pensively)
I wasn't such a bargain, but if she'd *
screamed or thrown dishes, maybe we
could have worked it out. But when
I came home, the only sound I ever
heard was teeth grinding.

Razzano paces the room as he recalls the end of his marriage. Lucy slides off the examining table to stand next to him. Unfortunately, the paper covering the table sticks to her and as she walks, the entire roll of paper unwinds. Razzano peels off the paper that's stuck to her back. *

RAZZANO
Are you ever graceful? *

LUCY
No, but sometimes I go for days without *
a catastrophe. Um, what do you do
about...women since then?

RAZZANO
You want me to draw you a picture? *

LUCY
I mean, have you had any serious *
relationships?

RAZZANO
Yeah, one lasted three hours. (BEAT) *
Look, the only thing I'm really serious
about is my work. Even when I was a
kid -- I was one of these ambitious
slum kids charities love -- all I wanted
was to be a doctor. It would be the
greatest thing in the world: "Oxygen!"
"Sutures!" I didn't even know what
sutures were, but I figured they had
to be terrific. And you know what?
Being a doctor is the greatest thing
in the world. But it doesn't leave
room for anything else.

LUCY
But don't you want a home, children?

RAZZANO
It's something I can't even think about. *
What am I going to do? Tell someone in
cardiac arrest: Goodbye, I've got to get
home before my wife's quiche gets soggy?

CUT TO:

84. INT. - CARDIAC UNIT - DAY

Lucy is on a treadmill taking a stress test monitored by a CARDIOLOGIST and Razzano. The cardiologist steps out for a minute.

LUCY
(panting)
Are you seeing anybody?

Razzano turns off the machine.

RAZZANO
Okay, you're good-looking, you're smart, *
and I guess you could be a lot of fun.
But I can't give a...a normal woman what
she'd want. Women like you need --

LUCY
Stop trying to turn me into a cliche! *
I am not a sweet, long-suffering
little wifey-poo.
(strongly)
Okay, maybe I'm not a neurosurgeon
and I don't own a restaurant. Maybe
I'm not ambitious. But I'm an interesting,

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (cont.)
intelligent woman. And capable. I can run a house and raise a family. And now that I have to...I can support myself.

Lucy puts her hands on her hips and stares squarely at Razzano. *

and amuse myself. I would never spend my nights hanging out with a cold lasagna.

CUT TO:

85. INT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Zelda waits on a CUSTOMER while Lucy makes a phone call.

TELEPHONE VOICE
Happy Days Daycare. Miss Tammy speaking.

Lucy is about to give a warm, Hello, How are you, but then realizes how impossible this would be since, as far as Miss Tammy knows, she is dead.

LUCY
I've heard you might be looking for an accredited teacher. *

TELEPHONE VOICE
I'm sorry, we have all the help we need.

LUCY
I'm just asking because I understand you... lost this volunteer who was supposed to be, well, indispensible. The one who died...Lucy Robbins? *

TELEPHONE VOICE
Wasn't that sad? (BEAT) We replaced her a few weeks later. But thanks so much for calling. *

Lucy slowly hangs up the phone and murmurs to herself: .

LUCY
My life just hasn't been the same since my death.

CUT TO:

86. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy is curled up under a blanket on Zelda's couch. Flippy is sound asleep on the floor beside her. Zelda is pulling down her own Murphy bed.

LUCY
Zel, I don't know how to thank you.

Zelda looks at the snoring Flippy.

ZELDA
I wouldn't let a dog live with that Kim.

LUCY
Not just for Flippy. Thank you for feeding me and letting me wear your clothes and giving me a home. But even more (BEAT) thank you for bringing me back.

Zelda comes over, tucks Lucy in and sits on the edge of the couch.

ZELDA
What was it like?

LUCY
You mean...? I wish I could tell you, Zel. I honestly don't remember.

ZELDA
Nothing? Not even a quick Out-of-body experience before you Moved On?

LUCY
No. Sorry.

ZELDA
At least you didn't hear harps. To know you're in for an eternity of schmaltz...blech!

CUT TO:

87. INT. - BOARD OF EDUCATION - DAY

Lucy sits across from the quintessential CIVIL SERVANT. Her personnel folder lies open. Lucy eyes the intimidating stacks of forms that stand, like a barrier, along the edge of the desk. *

LUCY
But you can see there's been a mistake. I'm alive. *

CIVIL SERVANT
(tapping stacks of forms)
We have forms for change of name, address, telephone number, academic *

(CONTINUED)

CIVIL SERVANT (cont.)
status, and marital status. We do not have forms for change of death status.

Lucy barely has time to open her mouth to object when the civil servant holds up her hand in an authoritative "Stop!" gesture.

You cannot teach. It has been more than ten years since you last taught in the public schools. Your permanent license has elapsed.

LUCY
Can I sub?

The civil servant lifts Lucy's file and waves it in the air.

CIVIL SERVANT
No! Board of Education files have you listed as dead, and death is an automatic disqualification. *

LUCY
But look at me. I'm not dead.

The civil servant instead looks at Lucy's file. *

CIVIL SERVANT
Yes you are. (BEAT) Next.

CUT TO:

88. EXT. - RAZZANO'S LOFT - NIGHT

Lucy walks Flippy in front of a factory building that's been converted to loft space. The neighborhood is one that will start becoming fashionable in five years. Finally, she takes a deep breath and enters the building.

CUT TO:

89. INT. - RAZZANO'S LOFT - NIGHT

Razzano's huge loft has yet to be finished off; it still resembles the sweat shop it was. Its only appointments are a television, a refrigerator, a kitchen table with two unmatched chairs, and a bed.

The elevator door is open. Lucy stands there, restraining Flippy, who is trying to leap into the room and embrace Razzano.

LUCY
I was just taking her for a walk and thought I'd give you a report on my job hunting. *

RAZZANO
Are you nuts, walking alone this late
at night in this neighborhood?

LUCY
I had Flippy.

Razzano whistles and Flippy breaks loose and runs to him, covering him with enthusiastic kisses.

RAZZANO
So, what happened with the job? *

LUCY
The Board of Education says I'm *
dead, and as far as my old volunteer
job goes (BEAT) I might as well be.
(brightly)
But listen, I have a great idea. How
about a day care center at Knickerbocker

Razzano starts to shake his head no. *

Hospital? (BEAT) Why not? *

RAZZANO
Because you're not going to get the *
money. Everybody's crazy about kids
and day care...if it doesn't cost
anything and it's someplace else.

LUCY
But if I talk to them -- *

RAZZANO
Look, I've sat on hospital committees *
where someone says, "We should have a
day care center," and everybody says,
"Yeah, great idea."...and then we move
on fast to computerizing the Anesthesia
Department's records from 1902.

Flippy lies down at Razzano's feet and turns over on her back in a "rub-my-belly" position. *

What are you doing, training your *
dog to do cute things so I'll fall
in love with
(glancing down)
her?

LUCY

Yes. First my dog, then

She peers around the loft and grins.

window treatments, wine racks, a little playpen in the corner. I make you nervous,. don't I? I'm not your kind of woman. *

(quoting imaginary personal ad)

"Divorced, workaholic doctor seeks sexy, emotionally stunted non-smoker for profoundly superficial relationship."

RAZZANO

Not profoundly. If they want to talk about monetary policy afterwards, that's okay with me. *

He backs away from her. *

But I don't want to talk about buying rugs and making commitments. (BEAT) The only commitment I have is to that emergency room. *

Lucy walks around trying to comprehend Razzano -- and herself. Flippy, meanwhile, settles herself at Razzano's feet. *

LUCY

I never jumped out of bed and said, Halleluia! Today I will mold young minds! I envy you your passion for work. Your life is so intense. My life was always just...pleasant.

RAZZANO

And you settled for pleasant?

LUCY

Look, if you're reasonably pretty and you smile a lot, life can be nice. Jason came along, asked me to marry him, and I was thrilled. Happiness was fine. It never occurred to me to ask for anything deeper. Okay, later on he didn't want a big family and I did. But fight for what I wanted? My marriage was so nice -- and I didn't have the courage to fight niceness.

RAZZANO

Yeah, but if you had it to do all over again --

LUCY
I do. And this time I want something better. This time I want someone real. *

RAZZANO
Lucy, listen. I'm not your guy. I can't give you what you want. *

LUCY
(compassionately)
I know. And I wish you well.

Lucy walks toward him, right hand outstretched, to show her sincerity. And as she walks, she trips over Flippy -- who is lying lox-like between them -- and falls into Razzano's arms. There is a moment of awkwardness; should we laugh this off or just pull apart -- fast? They do neither. Instead, they start to kiss and we *

CUT TO:

90. INT. - RAZZANO'S LOFT - NIGHT

Razzano and Lucy are in bed, curled around each other, sound asleep. The phone rings and Razzano, immediately awake and alert, grabs it. *

RAZZANO
Yeah. (LONG BEAT) I'm leaving now. *

He hangs up and gets out of bed. *

LUCY
Something bad? *

RAZZANO
Junkies were using a boarded-up tenement for a shooting gallery. The whole damn building collapsed. It's a mess. *

As he gets dressed, Lucy quickly wraps the sheet around her toga-style and goes to the refrigerator. Just as Razzano's about to go out the door, she hands him a glass of orange juice. *

LUCY
I hope it goes well. *

Razzano holds the glass up to the light. *

RAZZANO
What are you gonna do next time? Stuff oranges in your pockets and sneak in an electric juicer under your trenchcoat? *

Razzano downs the juice.

LUCY
(nodding, teasing)
And a grinder and coffee beans. And *
maybe a chicken so you can have
fresh eggs. You have no idea of
the extent of my talents.

He kisses her.

RAZZANO
Yes I do. (BEAT) Don't leave until *
it's light out. It's too dangerous
for Flippy.

He rushes off and we

CUT TO:

91. EXT. - UPPER FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Lucy walks with Zelda, whose attention occasionally strays to one of the ULTRA-FASHIONABLE PEDESTRIANS in this highest of high-rent districts; Zelda, in her best muumuu, clearly finds these people extremely bizarre.

LUCY
Knickerbocker Hospital will spend *
thirty-five million for a wing so you
can get your wrinkles ironed out in
style, but not twenty bucks for a
throw-rug and a set of blocks.
(determinedly)
Zelda, that's not how the world
should work.

CUT TO:

92. EXT. - LACEY MANSION - DAY

Lucy and Zelda stand before the eighteen-foot gates of one of the last, palatial private homes on Fifth Avenue. The mansion is an upscale version of the Frick Museum.

ZELDA
If you like grandeur, this isn't
bad. Kim lived here?

LUCY
Did she ever! But just for the four
months she was married to Hastings Lacey.
(BEAT) This is probably the most
terrible idea I've ever had.

Lucy gets up her courage and rings the bell on the gate. POV Lucy: past the gate, up an imposing flight of steps; a BUTLER opens the door.

LUCY
I'm Lucy --

She stops. Hiding behind the butler, not too successfully, is Hastings Lacey, Jr. He steps out and stares, trying to comprehend the incomprehensible.

JUNIOR
(horrified, to Lucy)
You're dead! *

He forces himself to calm down; what he's thinking cannot possibly be. *

Sorry. How nice of you to drop by. *
(to butler)
Open the gate.

The butler complies. Lucy stands in front of Zelda at the bottom of the stairs looking up at Junior. But Junior can't bring off nonchalance. His knees start to shake, and he sits down on the top step -- and gapes. Lucy hurries up and sits beside him. Junior can barely manage a whisper. *

They said...you died. I was so sorry. You were nice. (BEAT) But this is madness. For a minute I thought I'd seen a... *

LUCY
Oh, no. Not a ghost. I'm sorry I scared you. I was wrong to come. *

She gets up to go back to Zelda, who is still standing at the bottom of the front stairs. *

And at that instant, Junior sees Zelda for the first time. He recovers. More than recovers; he is so filled with joy that he practically hurtles down the steps to be at her side. POV Zelda: Junior rushing toward her, radiant with love. POV Junior: Zelda's face is flushed and suffused with the glow of love at first sight. After a moment, the butler, who has been rather taken aback by his employer's behavior, calls out: *

BUTLER
Mr. Junior, the gentlemen are waiting for you...rather patiently.

But Junior is beyond such mundane matters. Instead, he makes a sweeping bow and bids Zelda -- and her sister -- welcome to his house.

CUT TO:

93. INT. - LACEY MANSION - DAY

The butler leads Junior, Zelda and Lucy through the main hall. It is filled with museum-quality French furniture. On the walls hang what may be one of the world's finest collections of still lifes. As the butler continues his solemn walk, Junior darts into a room, and -- like a bumbling spy -- puts his fingers to his lips and motions the women to follow.

CUT TO:

94. INT. - JUNIOR'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Lucy and Zelda are seated on heavily ormolued Louis XVI chairs; Junior is perched on an artist's stool. The magnificent domed room is otherwise bare except for Junior's work table -- which drips with tubes of oils and cans of brushes. From the high ceiling down to the floor hangs still another collection of still lifes -- awesomely inept. They show a complete lack of mastery of concepts like perspective and composition. They are on a par with the worst of seventh grade art.

ZELDA
...and it worked. She's exactly the way she was.

JUNIOR
(to Lucy)
I don't believe there's any etiquette to cover this situation, so let me just tell you how pleased I am that you've returned from the dead.

Zelda can't keep her eyes off Junior's art.

ZELDA
These are yours?

JUNIOR
Yes. You see, when I inherited

He makes a very sweeping gesture.

I decided to devote my life to art.

ZELDA
I'm overwhelmed at your gift.

Junior beams; the lady of his heart sees beneath the surface of his work.

The stuff out in the hallway is nice, but -- you know -- it's been done before. But this...

JUNIOR
Oh no. I'm just a rank amateur. Still trying to capture the essence of an apple, and botching it up rather badly.

ZELDA
Don't say that! You've got the same fruit and bowls and candlesticks as those pictures outside. But your colors are much brighter.

JUNIOR
I may be lacking a certain subtlety.

Just then, the door is yanked open; there is the disapproving butler surrounded by fast-talking LAWYERS and ACCOUNTANTS waving documents. *

LAWYER ONE
Mr. Lacey, we need your signature on this promissory note. *

ACCOUNTANT ONE
On the California shopping malls, we'll need to double our original -- *

LAWYER TWO
In regard to your tin mines, an outlay of ten million would seem -- *

ACCOUNTANT TWO
We advise tripling your position in deutschemarks and -- *

LAWYER THREE
Our bottom line is an additional fifty million dollars. *

Junior's head goes back and forth like a spectator at a tennis match.

ZELDA
Quiet!!! How can the creative spirit flourish in this chaos?

Junior glances over at Zelda. She's brought him more than love; she's brought him courage. He peers at the assembled professionals with the sudden realization that he's the boss. *

Junior takes a small calculator from his jacket pocket and, brow furrowed, enters in a long string of figures. The lawyers and accountants smile patronizingly. *

(CONTINUED)

JUNIOR (cont.)
The real number is a lot closer
to thirty million. *

The professionals' smiles fade. *

It's time you realized; I may not be
able to make it, but I sure can count it. *

CUT TO:

95. INT. - LACEY MANSION DINING ROOM - DAY

Lucy, Zelda and Junior are having lunch in the a dining room that is the size of a basketball court. Liveried FOOTMEN wait on them.

LUCY
(to Junior)
I had a qualm or two about coming here, but you're the only millionaire I ever saw who was friendly.

JUNIOR
(agreeably)
Billionaire.

LUCY
I hope I'm not embarrassing you, talking about your money.

JUNIOR
Oh no. People are always pretending to like me for my personality.

ZELDA
(irate)
Well, I like you for your personality! Your personality...and more.

Lucy sees she's about to lose Junior and Zelda again to lovesickness.

LUCY
I came because I need a job. And the best job I can think of is working in a day care center. And what better place for one than in a hospital, like Knickerbocker. But they don't have one.

JUNIOR
They don't?

LUCY
There's no money for one. So I thought I'd ask you --

JUNIOR
Of course! Anything for --

He turns to Zelda. He glows at her, she glows at him, and as Lucy starts to smile at their almost palpable waves of love we

CUT TO:

96. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy and Razzano lie stretched out and squished together on the couch in a post-coital haze. They are an island of normality in the room. *

Lucy snuggles up closer to Razzano. She is obviously completely content. She smiles as Razzano looks warily around the room.

CAMERA PANS 360 degrees. WE SEE Zelda's Magic Circle, a Pentagram of Solomon and a pyramid. One of her bookshelves bows under the weight of dozens of crystal balls. Perched around Madame Blavatsky's shoulders is a new cloak amateurishly embroidered with sun, moon, and star designs.

LUCY
(v.o. as camera surveys room)
She had her first psychic manifestation when she was thirteen, and it's been like this ever since. Astrology, numerology, palmistry, magic -- *
(lovingly, romantically)
Talk about magic.

Razzano has evidently enjoyed their coming together, but at this first sign of intimacy, he starts to pull away. *

RAZZANO
I better get going before your sister gets back and levitates me. *

Lucy, still does not realize that although Razzano has enjoyed great sex, he's not ready to savor any sweetness. *

LUCY
She'll be gone for hours. She took her... gentleman to Flushing to have his natal chart drawn up. *

Lucy takes his hand and kisses it tenderly. It's too much tenderness. Razzano pulls away and sits up on the couch, staring down at the floor. *

RAZZANO
Lucy, I'm not the guy you want me to *
be. I can't...

Forget commitment; even a frank discussion is too emotionally loaded for *
him. He takes a deep breath and then strides over to the phone.

(as he dials)
I have a couple of idiot residents who *
are at each others throats.

Lucy peers at him. She's starting to get the picture. *

LUCY
How long have they been fighting? *

RAZZANO
All year. I just want to make sure -- *

Lucy sits up. She's upset. *

LUCY
Do me a favor, just put down the *
phone for a minute.

Razzano, somewhat unwillingly, complies. *

You're terrific. (BEAT) And one of
the best things about you is the thing *
that pulls you away from me -- your
work, and your devotion to it. But,
Tom, there's got to be some balance --

Razzano walks back and sits on the edge of the couch. *

RAZZANO
This is all the balance I can manage.
I explained what I was like. *
I warned you.

LUCY
There's a difference between running off
to save lives and making calls at two- *
thirty to check on a squabble that's
been going on for a year.

RAZZANO
But damn it, that's the way I am. I
told you that you wouldn't be able to *
take my craziness, my working eighteen
hours a day, seven days a week -- minimum.

Lucy takes his hands in hers and gives him a long, sad look. Razzano waits for the accustomed "I understand, Tom..." demurral. It doesn't come. *

LUCY
You're right. It's just not going to happen. (BEAT) I'm going to miss you...a lot. *

CUT TO:

97. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

There is no day care center yet, just an antiquated operating room filled with old equipment and snaking cables; the room looks as if it's been unused for twenty years. Cartons of toys are stacked against the wall and a designer's rendering of the proposed renovations hangs above them. Lucy, too excited to wait for the workmen to begin, sits on the floor, her back toward the door, rips open a carton, and starts to assemble a red wagon. Razzano stands in the doorway. For a minute, Lucy is so involved that she does not realize he's there. *

LUCY
Oh! I thought you were the electrician. *

RAZZANO
No, I'm the guy from the emergency room. *

Razzano enters the room. It's evident that there's been no lessening of the love between them, but Lucy is not going to relent; she's not willing to settle for the casual relationship he has offered. *

LUCY
Well, no emergency here. Just a mess. *

RAZZANO
I just came to say...what a terrific thing you did. Going out, getting the money for this place. *

He sits down on the floor beside her. *

Congratulations. I mean it, Lucy. *

LUCY
I know you do. Thank you. (BEAT) Maybe you'd better go now. *

RAZZANO
I don't like it that we're never gonna see each other again. It stinks. (LONG BEAT) *

(CONTINUED)

RAZZANO (cont.)
Let's try to work something out. You could hold a knife to my throat and force me to go to a movie.

Lucy waits. *

What do you want, a commitment? Okay, I'll buy a big pot and make you spaghettini alle vongole. *

Lucy starts to smile. *

It's the only thing I can cook, but it's so fantastic that you'll fall madly -- *

Almost without realizing it, they move closer toward each other. And just as they are about to kiss, a noise -- the click of high-heeled shoes -- startles them. And there, in the doorway, is none other but Regina Holt. Lucy's back is toward her. Razzano stands. Regina gazes at him, a bit imperiously. *

REGINA
I am Regina Holt. They told me I could find you here.

Imperiousness doesn't faze Razzano, so Regina tries charm.

I'm Bill Holt's wife. Well, the entire hospital is absolutely seething about some sort of investigation into Lucy Robbins's death and --

The doctor looks uncomfortable. Regina's eyes shift downward for an instant to the woman with him; Regina bends down, and shifts slightly to get a look at her, then gasps. *

Oh my dear!

It takes a moment, but Regina becomes herself again.

You must forgive me. I have to call Liz Smith,

In a most dramatic gesture, she clasps her hands to her heart.

and give her the scoop of the century!

CUT TO:

98. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A mob scene would be a sea of tranquility compared to the chaos in the conference room. T.V. CAMERAMEN elbow aside newspaper PHOTOGRAPHERS, and PRINT REPORTERS brawl with T.V. JOURNALISTS for space.

A wooden platform is a foot off the floor. The podium in the center is all that protects Lucy, Zelda and Razzano and the other doctors who have examined her. Phineas McCorkle is hospital spokesman. Off to one side, Danny and Felicity are introducing themselves to Junior Lacey. The Holts and several of the hospital VIPs are in the first row. So are Jason and Kim; they are obviously mortified by the whole affair, but, on the other hand, it is too momentous an event to miss.

PHINEAS
Gentlemen, gentlemen! (BEAT)
And ladies, please. I assure you,
we are as astounded as anyone else.
Now, you've heard exhaustive reports
from our doctors. And you are free
to examine the results of our tests.

He indicates a towering pile of medical data.

And Mrs...uh, um, Ms. Robbins has
been exceedingly forthcoming. So,
after another question or two, I
believe we can, in the parlance
of the press, wrap it up.

JOURNALIST ONE
(to Lucy)
People are going to be very
disappointed that you don't
remember anything.

Lucy takes the microphone from the stand and walks about the platform trying to appear casual; she's not terribly successful. *

LUCY
I know. I'm disappointed, too. I
wish I could remember a long corridor
with Grandma Rosie at the end, holding
out her hand, saying: "Finally, I can
teach you how to crochet."

JOURNALIST TWO
Do you have anything to say to the
billions of people around the world?

Lucy continues her laid-back stroll around the platform -- and falls off the edge. She picks herself up, climbs back up on the stage, and answers: *

LUCY
Hello again.

JOURNALIST THREE
(to Zelda)
You mentioned before about the requirements for bringing somebody back. It seems so complicated.

ZELDA
Transcending death can be a little tricky.

JOURNALIST THREE
Aside from the isosceles triangle with the Dog Star and all that, let's get to purity of spirit. Are you trying to tell us your feelings about your sister were always absolutely pure? I mean, did you ever happen to hear of the term "sibling rivalry"?

ZELDA
Can the irony, buster.

Lucy gives Zelda a "don't be impossible" look.

Okay, when we were kids (BEAT) she had the canopy bed.

LUCY
(tenderly, to Zelda)
You never told me it bothered you.

ZELDA
(to journalist)
But in The Wisdom of Catagonia there's a chant for expelling rotten emotions.

JOURNALIST FOUR
Did it work?

ZELDA
Does she look like a chopped liver sculpture?

CUT TO:

99. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Junior and Zelda are gazing goo-goo eyed at each other.

JUNIOR
You were magnificent. Noble, beautiful, inside and out.

Lucy appears from around the corner, breathless. Then WE HEAR the clatter of pursuing feet.

JUNIOR
Let's make a mad dash for it.

They open the exit door of the hospital's back entrance and run. Junior and Zelda make it to Junior's boat-like 1935 Daimler. But Lucy is besieged by an ARMY OF JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. She can't get past the door.

ARMY
Lucy, do you think you and your hubby
and his new wife will ever.../Smile!
Over here!/Lucy, Lucy, give me an ethereal
look./What about charges this is the
biggest hoax since the Howard Hughes...

Lucy tries to close the door, but the army pushes against it.

You got a boyfriend, Lu?/Have you
sold the rights to your life.../
We've heard your sister's been offered...

Someone comes up behind Lucy and Bam!, slams the door shut. It's Razzano.

LUCY
They said they wouldn't bother me
after the press conference.

RAZZANO
How could a smart person like you be so dumb? *

LUCY
I am not dumb! I'm trusting. It's *
part of my appeal.

The army begins to pound against the door.

RAZZANO
Your appeal is growing. Come on, *
sweetheart, I'm gonna get you away
from these creeps.

Just as the door appears to be giving way, Razzano grabs her and they run.

CUT TO:

100. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER GARAGE - DAY

Razzano signals his appreciation to the ambulance driver, then opens the *
back of an ambulance, helps Lucy inside and gives her a quick kiss.

RAZZANO
What I want to say to you (BEAT)
It's not for microphones.

They kiss again and then he slams shut the door. Lucy's POV: Razzano getting smaller and smaller as the ambulance, its siren screaming, pulls out of the garage and speeds down the street.

CUT TO:

101. EXT. - ZELDA'S BOOK STORE - DAY

Lucy emerges from the ambulance. She pushes her way through another raucous crowd of JOURNALISTS. But she can't get by the waves of adoring OCCULTISTS, all trying to get a glimpse of her. They are a group so out of touch with reality they appear seconds away from mass levitation.

MAN ONE
Was there a white light?

WOMAN ONE
A warm golden glow?

MAN TWO
A peace beyond all understanding?

WOMAN TWO
Did you meet any guys?

CUT TO:

102. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy is exhausted. She climbs up the staircase from the bookstore, and is almost trampled by SEVERAL TERRIFIED PEOPLE galloping down. Lucy, petrified, slowly opens the door and looks around. Zelda is not there, but someone else is: a be-Guccied TOUGH GUY, who despite his current exalted position in the Mob, obviously began his career wielding a baseball bat -- on kneecaps. He pulls Lucy into the apartment.

LUCY
(terrified)
Where's my sister?

TOUGH GUY
Which one are you? The one who got brung back or the one who brought?

LUCY
The one who got brung.

TOUGH GUY
I wanna find your sister. I got a business proposition for her.

LUCY
Who were all those people? The ones who looked so frightened?

TOUGH GUY
They had business propositions, too, but mine was better so I sent them away. Listen, I got someone I gotta bring back...fast.

LUCY
Someone you loved very --

TOUGH GUY
An associate who had an unfortunate accident. (BEAT) He ran into a bullet. Right before, he told me where some mementos I was interested in was stashed, but they wasn't where he said. So your sister's gonna bring him back for me. I'm not like those crazies who were up here, wanting to bring back Aunt Ida or their beloved cat Fluff. I can pay big.

The tough guy takes out a wad of cash that weighs thirty-five pounds. Lucy shakes her head no.

LUCY
You have to love him -- purely.

TOUGH GUY
Love him? Nobody could love Seymour the Scutz.

LUCY
But if you want him back, you'd have to learn to love him -- utter love.

Gently, she guides him to the door, opens it, and eases him out while he's preoccupied with this new concept.

TOUGH GUY
Utter?

Lucy, utterly drained, locks the door and flops onto the couch. But there's no escape. She hears the roar of the press outside, then the noise of reporters in the store, surging up the stairs.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE of Eyewitness News teams all over the world. A MALE AND FEMALE NEWSCASTER, so handsome and chipper as to resemble androids in identical blazers, report the Lucy story. Despite differences in race and nationality, the NEWSCASTERS all look shiny and marvelous.

103. WABC Eyewitness News - New York

FEMALE
Yes, Chuck, there are pockets of disbelief, to say nothing of incredulity, but as you've heard, the evidence behind the return of Lucy Robbins is overwhelming.

MALE
Thanks, Cherry. And now, on to more experts. We took our cameras to Queens College where Professor...

DISSOLVE TO:

104. English Eyewitness News.

MALE
There you have it, Lavinia. The somewhat "spirited" protest -- no pun intended -- by the British Association of Psychics and Earth-Heavers.

FEMALE
Thank you, Adrian. Now, in support of Lucy Robbins, we call upon Winslow Nugget-Smythe of Bretheley College, Cambridge.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. French Eyewitness News, where the male and female newscasters present the Lucy Robbins story...as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL some amorous action under the news desk.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. Russian Eyewitness News, where the blazers are ill-fitting jackets.

DISSOLVE TO:

107. Micronesia Eyewitness News, where despite the jerky, primitive camera work, two cheerful newscasters talk about Lucy at their news desk -- a recycled card table -- inside a grass hut.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. Aleutian Eyewitness News, where inside the broadcasting igloo, the newscasters, in matching parkas, hold their bulletins in mittened hands.

MONTAGE ENDS.

CUT TO:

We're back again with Lucy in Zelda's apartment. The reporters are closing in; they bang on the apartment door. Lucy looks around in desperation. CAMERA TRACKS her into Zelda's bathroom. She gazes upward at the large skylight. She takes off her high-heeled sandals, stuffs them in the bodice of her dress, climbs on the toilet, onto the sink, and then onto a high bathroom shelf.

POV Lucy. The bathroom floor below looks very far away; she is obviously not a big fan of heights. But then she takes a deep breath, stands on tiptoes, and pushes open the skylight.

CUT TO:

109. EXT. - ZELDA'S ROOF - DAY

Lucy shimmies up through the open skylight onto the roof and stands amazed at her own audacity. Then the noise of the press galvanizes her and she runs to the edge of the building. The airshaft between it and the next building is narrow, only a matter of inches, but for a moment it's enough to stop Lucy. She tries to make herself do it.

LUCY

One, two, three.

She can't move.

Four!

As she hurls herself across to the next building, we

CUT TO:

110. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER CAFETERIA - DAY

Lucy and Razzano are trying to eat hamburgers and french fries. A CROWD -- including several JOURNALISTS -- has formed around them. They try to ignore it. They're not too successful. *

A NURSE moves Lucy's soda to observe her hamburger before turning to a SECOND NURSE.

NURSE ONE

Medium rare.

A MINI-CAM OPERATOR begins photographing her. Immediately, several members of the crowd rush behind Lucy so they can wave to the folks at home. Lucy tries coolness. She takes a sip of her soda.

LUCY
(to Razzano)
So, how many new flavors of Coke
did I miss when I was gone?

The mini-cam comes in for a tighter shot. Razzano pushes it away. *

RAZZANO
(to mini-cam operator)
Get that thing away from her or you're *
gonna need surgery to get it removed.

LUCY
(to Razzano)
I can defend myself. *

RAZZANO
I know, but every once in a while you've *
gotta give me a chance to show I'm a
tough, hairy-chested guy.

The crowd leans forward, eavesdropping en masse. Lucy attempts to use sweet reason on them. *

LUCY
Please, I'm trying to have a nice,
quiet, normal lunch. I'd appreciate

The crowd looks thrilled; Lucy's spoken to them. They don't budge.

(getting annoyed)
Do you have any idea how rude this is?

She bangs down her cup of soda.

You have absolutely no right!

The crowd is thrilled at the performance. The reporters take down every word, and the mini-cam operator moves in even closer.

My french fries are getting soggy!

Members of the crowd nudge each other with delight. There's a smattering of applause. The mini-cam is now so close that it could probably take dental x-rays. Lucy stands, lifts her tray, and hands Razzano his tray.

(to Razzano)
I owe you an escape.

She grabs a plastic bottle of ketchup from the table and brandishes it. The mini-cam operator is about to record the gesture when suddenly Lucy squirts

(CONTINUED)

ketchup all over the camera's lens. Then, with another fast movement, she kicks over the cafeteria table and, with that barrier, she and Razzano manage to race out before the crowd can follow.

CUT TO:

111. INT. - RAZZANO'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is shut as Lucy and Razzano continue their lunch.

LUCY
The one good thing about being married to a plastic surgeon was that he never got hysterical calls at three in the morning: "Doctor, help! My chin recedes!" *

He smiles. She squeezes his hand. He opens it and WE SEE his handful of french fries -- squished all over his palm. Lucy takes her napkin and wipes it off.

RAZZANO
That kind of practice must be boring as hell. I need action. Weren't you bored with him? *

LUCY
No. My marriage was like a warm bath. Okay, it makes you a little drowsy, but you're so comfortable you don't mind. (BEAT) When she wasn't grinding her teeth, was your wife always scintillating? *

RAZZANO
No, but we'd been going together ever since high school and -- *

Both of them look through the windows of Razzano's office. A very large MALE NURSE is giving the mini-cam operator the heave-ho. *

LUCY
When is all this going to be over? *

RAZZANO
It's never going to be over. *

LUCY
That's ridiculous. I'll be on the cover of New York magazine and two weeks later I'll be a has-been. *

RAZZANO
Lucy, what you've done -- *

LUCY
I haven't done anything! I'm *
an ex-dead housewife.

Just then, Razzano's glance is drawn away from her. *

POV Razzano: a PATIENT is wheeled in; her face is a dangerous, frighteningly different blue. *

RAZZANO
Holy -- I've never seen anyone *
that color before!

He races from the office into the emergency room. Lucy goes to the doorway. POV Lucy: the "patient" jumps off the gurney and, as the sheet drops, WE SEE what she actually is: a reporter who has smeared her face with blue eye shadow. She races toward Lucy. Razzano blocks her and opens the door to push her out -- only to be faced with a pack of eager JOURNALISTS pushing to get in. Lucy EXITS through another door. *

CUT TO:

112. EXT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

As Lucy barrels out the door and hurries through the parking lot, she collides with a well-dressed man. She mumbles a fast apology and starts to hurry away when the man slips his arm around her. Lucy stiffens and stares up at the man. It's Jason. *

JASON
This is wonderful. I've been trying *
to call you.

He glances at his watch.

Let's go someplace where we can
(significantly)
talk. You've been in my thoughts
constantly. Do you know why?

LUCY
Because I'm on CBS, NBC, ABC *

Jason gives her a "How can you suggest such a thing?" look. *

PBS, CNN -- *

JASON
Lucy, don't attempt cynicism. You're too
loving for that. I've wanted to reach
out for you because I know you need me.

(CONTINUED)

JASON (cont.)
Being a major media personality -- I ache for you knowing how stressful it must be. I want to protect you.

As they speak, the ultimate Porsche -- with M.D. plates -- pulls into the parking lot not far from Lucy and Jason. *

LUCY
Part of me would get sublime satisfaction from punching you in the snoot. (BEAT) But I can't even whip it up to tell you what a toad-load you've been because I just don't care enough anymore.

JASON
You do care. For nineteen years you cared. You're the one who said it: I'm your life.

Lucy touches Jason's cheek tenderly. He seems surprised by this sweet gesture and for a minute his eyes shine with satisfaction.

CAMERA PANS to the Porsche and MOVES IN CLOSE so WE SEE that it's Kim behind the wheel, fuming, watching every move Lucy and Jason make. *

LUCY
I'm in love, Jason.

And as he begins to smile she adds

With Tom Razzano.

JASON
(absolutely stunned)
Are you serious? He's so...lower middle class.

LUCY
Jason, I don't want someone who puts off foreplay until he can find a padded hanger for his cashmere blazer.

JASON
Oh come on. (BEAT) What can he make, sixty, seventy-five thousand a year?

Lucy takes Jason's face between her hands. Her voice is gentle.

LUCY
He's a man.

Lucy gives Jason a sweet, light, but dismissive goodbye kiss and walks off as SHOT WIDENS to include the furious Kim Lacey Robbins. *

CUT TO:

113. EXT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

Lucy emerges with the leashed Flippy in one hand and a pooper-scooper in the other. A CROWD follows her in reverential silence, as if prepared to witness a sacred act.

CUT TO:

114. EXT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Again, there are mobs of JOURNALISTS. It's like wading through quicksand; Lucy tries to make progress toward the door, but she's continually swamped.

JOURNALISTS
Did you hear the cemetery's charging a $20 admission to see.../If there's a mini-series, who do you most want to play.../There are rumors of a major expose.../What's the best part about being famous?

CUT TO:

115. INT. - "FELICITY" DINING ROOM - DAY

That the joint is jumping is understatement. DINERS shout, WAITERS can barely move through the electrified throng, and the MAITRE D' is half-way through a fifth of Absolut. When Lucy enters, the horrible noise stops. She walks through the restaurant accompanied by silence until, walking between two rather closely-placed tables, she manages to take both tablecloths -- and place settings -- along with her. *

CUT TO:

116. INT. - "FELICITY" KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy enters the kitchen and discovers Felicity sitting on Danny's lap; each is comforting the other. Lucy rushes over to them.

LUCY
What's wrong?

They answer with false gaiety.

DANNY
Nothing!

FELICITY
We're just fine!

LUCY
Don't lie to a mother!

DANNY
Our regulars keep cancelling. (BEAT)
They can't take the craziness --

FELICITY
All these people waving cigars and money. They're not here for the food. We could charge a hundred dollars for a cup of consomme and they'd pay it. Anything to see you.

DANNY
Mom, it isn't just what's happening to the restaurant.

FELICITY
We're so worried about you. What's happening to your life?

CUT TO:

117. INT. - ZELDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Zelda throws some clothes and a palmistry chart into a shopping bag while Lucy finishes clearing up the breakfast dishes. Then Zelda peers out the window. Zelda's POV: the CROWD outside.

ZELDA
I feel like a real louse, but I can't open the book store. I can't even open the door.

LUCY
You're doing the right thing, going to Junior's.

ZELDA
We'll be living in separate wings.
I wouldn't want you to think...

Lucy merely smiles and hugs her sister.

Come with me. His house is a fortress. Nobody can get past the gates.

LUCY
I can't live in a fortress. I want to go to the movies. I want to go to

LUCY (cont.)
B. Altman's White Sale. (BEAT) I want to walk down the street with Tom Razzano and hold hands without it being on the Six O'clock News. Oh, Zelda, I've never loved anyone this way in my whole life...either one of them. *

CUT TO:

118. INT. - VESTIBULE OF RAZZANO'S BUILDING - NIGHT

BACK SHOT of a woman with waist-length red hair. Her finger runs down a list of tenants' names and stops at Razzano, T. CAMERA MOVES AROUND and WE SEE Lucy in the wildly artificial red wig.

CUT TO:

119. INT. - RAZZANO'S LOFT - NIGHT

Lucy walks in, holding the wig in her hands. Razzano kisses her, then peers down at the mass of red hair.

RAZZANO
What's that, another animal?

LUCY
It's my disguise. No one realized I was Lucy Robbins. They thought I was a sociopathic prostitute.

Razzano leads Lucy to the table. He pulls out a chair for her. The table is set; its centerpiece is a bunch of daisies in a laboratory beaker. *

RAZZANO
You know how you're supposed to have cheese and crackers first? I forgot them, so let's eat. *

He brings a huge pot to the table, serves up spaghetti with red clam sauce and fills the wine glasses. They start to eat. *

LUCY
This is so delicious. *

RAZZANO
Good. We'll have it for breakfast. I made a ton of it. *

But the world is too much on their minds; they can't maintain their lighthearted mood. *

LUCY
What's going on in the emergency room? *

RAZZANO
We've got four security guards, but either the reporters push past them or they come in the front door pretending to be in cardiac arrest. They want exclusives with me, and if they can't get me, they'll try for one of the orderlies -- anyone who had anything to do with Lucy Robbins. (BEAT) It must be a thousand times worse for you. *

LUCY
I wish I could run off to Bora Bora -- *

RAZZANO
They'd be there when you got off the plane. (BEAT) Lucy, what's happened to you is what everybody in the world wants. You're It, the ultimate do-over. You're hope to them -- and nobody wants to let hope get away. *

He and Lucy hold hands across the table and we *

CUT TO:

120. INT. - RAZZANO'S LOFT - NIGHT

Lucy and Razzano lie beside each other. They're too tense to make love. *

LUCY
It's anxiety. *

RAZZANO
It's the pits. *

Razzano gets out of bed and turns on the television. He switches channels, and on each WE SEE in CLOSE UP scenes of Lucy arriving at the hospital, walking along the street with Flippy, and entering Zelda's book store. As Razzano flips to the final channel, we *

DISSOLVE TO:

121. A fast MONTAGE of the commercialization of Lucy. In rapid succession WE SEE, coming off assembly lines, Lucy and Zelda dolls, "Hello Again" t-shirts, Lucy coffee mugs, Zelda-shaped candles, 45 rpm records with the title "Hello Again", and the paperback edition of "The Wisdom of Catagonia" with a photo of the sisters on the cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

122. INT. - JASON ROBBINS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

As montage ends, "The Wisdom of Catagonia" paperback is on a t.v. screen. * CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE the t.v. set is recessed into the wall of Jason's and Kim's bedroom -- and they are watching it from their bed. Kim turns off the t.v. and hurls the remote control to the floor. Still angry, she turns to Jason. But then her anger dissipates. Jason is obviously staring at her shoulder and his eyes are filled with desire. Slowly, sensually, Kim drops the strap of her nightgown. It's only then that she realizes that he's not looking at her at all, but at a pile of weeklies just past her -- Time, Newsweek, People, US, the New York Times Magazine, Parade, and Business Week -- all with pictures of Lucy on the cover.

CUT TO:

123. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL SIDE ENTRANCE - DAY

Lucy and Razzano come through the door on their way to work. A mob of * REPORTERS tries to push through the door. They are stopped by a phalanx of SECURITY GUARDS. Before the guards can slam the door, WE HEAR:

REPORTERS

Lucy, the other Mrs. Robbins.../Doctor Razzano, do you buy her story?.../ Lucy, can you prove... *

The guards manage to slam shut the doors. *

RAZZANO

Bora Bora's looking better and better. *

They approach an entrance to the emergency room. Lucy starts to give * Razzano's hand a squeeze before she moves on to the day care center. But just then, they spot Phineas McCorkle, who is clearly waiting for Razzano. Phineas' arms are crossed, his eyes narrowed into mean slits.

PHINEAS

Doctor Razzano, as President of the Board of Trustees of Knickerbocker Hospital *

(coldly)

I must inform you that your presence in the emergency room is causing undue upheaval. Doctor, you cannot practice proper medicine that way.

RAZZANO

That's what I've been trying to tell you guys. We need more security guards, more -- *

PHINEAS

We request you take a month's leave from the hospital. *

(CONTINUED)

Razzano is stunned. He shakes his head no. *

PHINEAS (cont.)
I'm afraid you have no choice...Your *
leave starts today.

Razzano leans against the wall. He's absolutely devastated. Lucy comes * up to intercede with Phineas.

LUCY
It's not his fault. Please don't *
do this to him. It's that he's involved
with me. Let me leave.

PHINEAS
No, no, no. If we let you go, the *
publicity would be
(dramatically)
abysmal.

LUCY
I can hire another teacher to run the *
day care center and, I promise, I'll
say nothing but wonderful things about
Knickerbocker Hospital...and I guarantee
it, there won't be any more reporters --

Phineas shakes his head no. Lucy, horribly upset, turns to Razzano. * Just then, WE HEAR a ruckus at the other end of the hall. Lucy's POV: Another PACK OF REPORTERS coming from a different entrance is stampeding toward them.

REPORTERS
Lucy! Lucy! *

Lucy breaks away from Razzano and Phineas McCorkle and runs. *

CUT TO:

124. EXT. - KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - DAY *

Lucy is so upset at what's happened that she does not notice the usual * enormous PRESS contingent outside the hospital has doubled in size.

REPORTER ONE
What's your reaction to Kim Lacey Robbins
calling a press conference this afternoon?

Lucy's reaction is clear: complete surprise.

REPORTER TWO
Have you heard what she's planning to say?

REPORTER THREE
Are you going to accept her invitation?

Lucy looks at her blankly.

To be there...to prove you're not a fraud.

CUT TO:

125. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The pandemonium makes the previous news conference seem placid in comparison. The PRESS is beside itself with anticipation. Kim stands alone behind the podium in a stylish and very alluring dress.

CAMERA PANS ROOM. Lucy, Zelda, Junior, Felicity and Danny are in the first row, along with the Holts and their entourage. Jason is off to the side, looking mortified -- and helpless. And in the back of the room, leaning against a wall, is a curious and concerned Razzano. Throughout the scene, WE OBSERVE our friends' reactions to Kim's revelations.

KIM
First, thank you all for coming. I know I've been, well, somewhat mysterious. But in a sense, that's why we're here: to unravel a mystery.

ZELDA
(very, very loud)
Step on it, Strumpet.

KIM
I intend to show you precisely how Lucy Robbins perpetrated her lie.

WIDE SHOT of entire room staring at Kim in disbelief.

Lucy Robbins connived with her sister, Zelda -- yes, the one who just introduced herself. Zelda, the self-styled occultist who wanted the world to believe so much that she aided and abetted Lucy with her "death" and "return."

JUNIOR
(to Zelda, a little too resonant)
She is still one cheap trick!

Kim loses her composure, but only for a second. When she resumes, she's cool, commanding and persuasive. *

KIM

Where was Lucy Robbins for the year of her "death"? Dead? Please. She spent that year at her sister's. Think. It has to be. Who would ever see her tucked away in a tenement over a book store that's patronized by -- what? Twenty or thirty deranged people.

Regina reaches over and pats Lucy's hand, a gesture not unnoticed by Kim.

And why did Lucy Robbins do what she did? Because she realized she was obsolete. She confided to me, before her so-called death, that her husband

She smiles at Jason with sugary tenderness.

my husband now, my Jason

(voice growing hard)

wanted more of a life, more of a career, and frankly, more of a wife.

Lucy's face blazes with anger. Jason glances at the audience; they're getting swept up in Kim's tale. He moves to be nearer to the podium.

And so she conceived a desperate plan to keep him. But it wasn't just a case of a neurotic housewife trying to hold on to a husband who no longer wanted her. No, in her own banal way, Lucy Robbins was brilliantly creative. And so she made up a myth -- and cast herself in the role as goddess. The goddess who dies and comes back to life. Oh, she was good. Very good. (BEAT) We all fell for it.

CAMERA PANS to Razzano. He shakes his head. He can't believe what is going on. CAMERA PANS TO Jason. He's beaming at Kim -- while managing to keep an eye on the captivated press.

And how did she fake her so-called death? She was a doctor's wife, had access to medical books. Even to medicines that could lower her respiratory rate, slow down her heartbeat. Many of you have heard of tetrodotoxin, the so-called voodoo medicine that so lowers a person's metabolic rate that they appear quote dead unquote.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, the Holts and company lean away from Lucy and toward Kim -- like flowers following the sun.

KIM (cont.)

And is it really such a leap of the imagination to picture Lucy bribing a funeral director to bury an empty coffin? (BEAT) Oh, we've all been had!

The Holts slide out of their seats and edge toward Kim. Lucy's companions are outraged. But Lucy's eyes stare straight ahead, blazing at Kim.

Can't you see her paying off some little paper-pusher in the hospital's Medical Records Office to slip in a few phonied-up x-rays?

The seats around Lucy are empty now, except for her brave crew. CAMERA PANS to a disbelieving Razzano. CAMERA PANS to Kim.

Well, Lucy? I asked you here. Do you have a defense? We won't accept "Trust me. I'm sweet and bake apple crumb cake." We want proof.

Danny gives Lucy a kiss. Zelda gives her back an encouraging slap. As Lucy goes up to the podium, WE HEAR a few soft hisses and boos. Jason puts his arm around Kim and gives her a congratulatory kiss.

LUCY

Everybody, please, just give me a minute. That's all I ask.

Everyone is silent, waiting. POV LUCY: Eyes. Reporters, cameras, all on her. She tries to stare them down, but she cannot. The lights flash, the microphones poke out to her. She looks at Zelda, at Danny and Felicity -- and finally -- to Tom Razzano. And then she makes her decision.

I have nothing to say.

The press and the audience gasp. Lucy leaves the podium, and as she makes her way toward the back of the room to Razzano, WE HEAR the audience trying to absorb what it has learned. *

PRESS/AUDIENCE

I told you she was a fake.../I don't believe it. Razzano saw her, her husband saw her. She was dead.../Kim didn't prove anything.../You owe me a hundred bucks... *

Lucy comes up to Razzano and gives him a relieved smile. *

LUCY
Hey, we don't have to go to Bora Bora. *

For the first time she notices his expression.

What's wrong?

RAZZANO
(furiously)
Are you nuts? *

LUCY
Come on, Tom, I did this for you. For *
Danny, my sister (BEAT) and for us.
To give us some peace.

RAZZANO
Peace? You've screwed up my life! *

LUCY
Don't be ridiculous! I've gotten the *
press off your back.

RAZZANO
(fuming)
Great. And now the hospital administration *
thinks I'm an idiot who wouldn't recognize
a vital sign if it flashed green. Get back
up there and tell the truth.

Lucy is in a huff that her brilliant ploy is not appreciated. *

LUCY
Absolutely not! I did the right thing. *
You'll see, Tom. You'll thank me.

At that moment, Phineas McCorkle passes by -- and glares at Razzano. * Lucy tries to laugh it off, but Razzano doesn't. Just before he turns his back on her and walks off he says:

RAZZANO
(coldly)
Thank you. *

CUT TO:

126. EXT. - LACEY MANSION GARDEN - TWILIGHT

The butler serves Junior and Lucy martinis and pours Zelda her malted.

JUNIOR
How could you let that shameless vixen
get away with it?

ZELDA
Yeah, how? I didn't come out of this smelling like a petunia, Petunia.

LUCY
I know, and I'm sorry. But look at our lives. Zel, we can't even go out for a normal walk. Danny and Felicity... that beautiful restaurant's been turned into a zoo!

She gets up and walks around the walled garden.

I can't live behind walls. I had to stop being the most famous person in the world. So I let Kim get away with it. (BEAT) All I wanted was some time and some privacy. I wanted a life with Tom.

CUT TO:

BRIEF MONTAGE: Lucy expected peace. The press no longer dogs her, but there is nothing serene about her life.

127. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

Lucy is straightening up the playroom when Phineas McCorkle enters and points "Out!".

DISSOLVE TO:

128. Lucy walks down Fifth Avenue. She should be enjoying her privacy, her freedom to window shop. Instead, she notices PASSERSBY walking in the street to avoid her. A MOTHER pulls her CHILD to her protectively and gives Lucy a theatrically fierce look.

DISSOLVE TO:

129. Lucy is at the check-out counter in the supermarket. The hostile CASHIER rings up her order with angry pokes at the register.

LUCY
No matter where I was for the last year, vanilla yogurt did not go up to $6.95 a half-pint.

DISSOLVE TO:

130. Zelda's store is absolutely empty. CAMERA TRACKS OUTSIDE and WE SEE the store's window. Someone has spray-painted a huge "FAKE" on it. Zelda and Junior are sadly taping up a sign over the existing Going Out of Business one. The new sign says CLOSED.

Lucy approaches with her groceries. She's been brave up to now, but as she looks at the window, she can no longer help it; she begins to cry.

MONTAGE ENDS

CUT TO:

131. INT. - "FELICITY" - DAY

Lucy, Danny, Felicity, Zelda and Junior sit in the empty restaurant. Lucy takes out an envelope from her handbag. It is addressed to her in beautiful calligraphic script. She opens it and reads it aloud.

LUCY
"The Trustees of Knickerbocker Hospital hereby inform you that your invitation to the gala opening of the Plastic Surgery Clinic has been rescinded. We cordially urge you not to attend." A disinvitation. (BEAT) I thought if people lost interest, I could have a normal life. But instead, I've become the worst person in the world.
(broken-hearted)
And Tom won't talk to me, won't answer my phone calls. He may lose his job. They say he's incompetent -- he didn't recognize a fraud. *

ZELDA
Lucy, what are you going to do?

Lucy pauses for a long moment, then starts to smile. *

LUCY
Something big. *

CUT TO:

132. INT. - KNICKERBOCKER PLASTIC SURGERY CLINIC - NIGHT

The lobby of the new wing, a beautiful tree-filled atrium, shimmers with lights. Even the far "wall," the old facade of the hospital, glows with light from its twin carriage lamps and from the tiny twinkling bulbs illuminating the curved railing of its staircase. *

WAITERS and BARTENDERS tend to the formally clad GUESTS, including Danny and Felicity, Phineas McCorkle, the Holts and their retinue. Several REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS cover the event.

CAMERA PANS to Jason. He's the man of the hour, and is receiving congratulations, as is Kim, who joins him. But then Jason goes rigid.

From Jason's POV, WE SEE Lucy. A gasp passes through the crowd. Lucy
pretends she doesn't notice. Instead, she makes her way up to a waiter,
takes a drink, then strolls among the guests. Suddenly, she comes face-
to-face with Tom Razzano. They both attempt to mask their real feelings *
for each other by acting cool.

LUCY
What are you doing here?

RAZZANO
Department heads have to come to this thing.

He tugs at the strangulating collar of his formal shirt. *

I'm still a department head -- *
until they find someone to replace me.

CAMERA PANS to Kim. She's receiving condolences.

PHINEAS
How ghastly to have her show up!

REGINA
How painfully unchic!

KIM
Really, what can you expect? The
press is here. Poor thing. The
spotlight is like a narcotic.
She can't help --

Suddenly, the lights flicker wildly. The crowd starts to murmur. And *
then all the lights in the new wing black out. The room is illuminated
only by the two carriage lamps on either side of the old hospital entrance
and by the tiny, twinkling bulbs along the railing of the staircase.

(voice tight with tension)
Is there someone from Maintenance -- *

But Kim is cut off by an astonishing sight. There is Zelda, in flowing *
robes, standing at the door on top of the stairs carrying that huge,
familiar book. The crowd turns, stares, freezes.

ZELDA
Disbelievers! I will show my powers! *

Zelda begins a strange, foreign-sounding chant. A hush falls over the *
entire room. The only movement comes from the photographers as
reflexively, despite their horror, they swing their cameras to her as
she slowly begins to descend the stairs.

KIM
Don't pay any attention to her!
This is just a rotten trick to ruin
my party. Please, don't let the
saucissons get cold.

REPORTER
(fearfully, to photographer)
What is that Zelda doing?

REGINA HOLT
(to Bill)
Someone has to stop her!

But nothing can stop Zelda's eerie chant. A few of the guests try to laugh it off, but they're too nervous to be successful. Zelda's voice grows stronger, more emotional. People are frightened. Zelda sways as she walks down; she is in an ecstatic state, beyond even a trance. And just as she reaches the crescendo of passion on the bottom step, Zelda falls on the floor in a faint. Everyone pulls back, except for Lucy, who tries to reach her sister, but can't get through the crowd. All is silent. *

But then, the old entrance door on top of the stairs creaks open. And down an illuminated corridor walks a frighting, BACKLIT figure in a Stetson hat -- and boots that make a horrible, other-worldly echo as the figure walks toward the door. Kim recognizes him first. *

KIM
No! It's Hastings! *

It appears it is the very man in the photograph: Hastings Lacey. He reaches the doorway and stands tall and bowlegged. *

HASTINGS LACEY
(in sepulchral, Texas voice)
What happened? Where am I? (BEAT) *
The last thing I remember
(with terrifying passion)
Kim, my darlin'!

Kim swoons. Danny pushes through the crowd and runs up to her in time to prevent her from collapsing. *

DANNY
(nervously, ominously)
Kim, when he died -- was it (BEAT) *
before his time?

KIM
(hysterically) *
Make him go back!

The journalists, despite their terror, manage to record the events. *

HASTINGS LACEY
Kim, honey, I hear your sugar voice. *
Where are you, mah rosebud?

KIM
Jason, where are you? Help me! *

But Jason stands rigid, as petrified with fear as everyone else in the room. *

Slowly Hastings Lacey walks out the door and toward the staircase. *

HASTINGS LACEY
Kim, my little lightenin' bug, I remember *
now! We were upstairs. You were wearin'...

KIM
(panicked)
My cowgirl boots. I swear I didn't *
know you'd get _that_ carried away.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

HASTINGS
My tumblin' tumbleweed, the sorrow *
is mine. I did you wrong! I departed
before I could change my will. I
left you almost penniless.

Kim still pants with fear, but manages to nod. Hastings begins his descent toward her. *

Lucy pushes her way to her sister and shakes Zelda awake. *

LUCY
Zelda, I'm so scared! What if something *
happens to me? Now that Hastings is back,
do I have to...return?

ZELDA
I don't know, Lucy. I just...I can't *
control the Power anymore.

DANNY
Kim, be careful, _please_. Don't talk to him. *
Don't let him come near you.

HASTINGS
My poor impoverished Kimmie! *

Kim pulls away from Danny. The crowd parts to let her through as she moves toward Hastings. *

KIM
You only left me two-hundred fifty thousand dollars. *

HASTINGS LACEY
But now, honey pie, now I will make it up to you. Everything that's mine is yours.

Hastings is halfway down the stairs. His huge moustache twitches with excitement. His desire for Kim seems more powerful than ever. *

KIM
Everything?

HASTINGS LACEY
Of course, my sweet. The mineral rights, the cattle ranches, the art collection...

With that, Kim flies toward him; but suddenly Hastings stands frozen. *

Love-bug, what's happenin'? I cain't move. I cain't (BEAT) Kimmie-girl, is there some lie standing between us? I feel a...a Great Force holding me back. *

KIM
Oh Hastings! *

HASTINGS
Speak the truth, Kimmie! 'Fess up if you told even the tiniest fib. You must release me so I and all I possess can be yours. *

KIM
(LONG BEAT) Lucy did die and come back. *

The crowd almost reels at this admission.

I lied, Hastings. Lucy... it was all so irritating -- and she could have walked off with Jason. So I made up my theory. It was so logical. How could she defend herself? But now you're back, my one true love. Forgive me for lying, Hasty. *

Hastings comes to the bottom of the stairs and takes Kim in his arms. They kiss, passionately. *

Jason, Lucy, and -- indeed everyone watches the kiss.

(CONTINUED)

Kim turns in triumph toward the crowd and looks to Jason. From Kim's POV, the crowd stares at her. *

KIM (cont.)
Good-bye, Jason. I'm sorry, but
I never stopped loving Hastings.
He's always been a part of me.

And indeed, he is. REVERSE SHOT and we see half of Hastings' moustache is now stuck to Kim's upper lip.

Suddenly, the lights in the atrium flare on again, and WE SEE it is Felicity at the light panel who has turned them on. *

Zelda grabs Lucy's hand in triumph. And then Hastings Lacey, Jr. rips off the other half of his false moustache and pulls off his Stetson. *

JUNIOR
Zelda, was that all right?

ZELDA
You're my hero!

She takes his top-stitched jacket and WE SEE that over his shirt the somewhat rotund Junior is wearing a pink lace waist-nipper. He pulls it off with a sigh of relief. The reporters and all the guests whip around, smiling, and attention is once again on Lucy. Phineas quickly turns to Razzano and gives him a thumbs-up sign smile -- Meanwhile, Kim wastes no time; she moves quickly to Jason. *

KIM
I hope you weren't taken in by this
little charade, darling. I just wanted
to show you how far they would go.
(calling out to Lucy)
Your sister would be amusing if
she weren't so deeply disturbed.

LUCY
She got you, Kim. She really did.

Kim emits a theatrical peal of ha-ha-ha, but it's cut short as Zelda gives an ear-splitting whistle.

ZELDA
(to press)
Hey, I have an announcement! You know how
you've been following me and Lucy around, not
letting us alone? All of you want to do what
we've done. You want our secret.

(CONTINUED)

ZELDA (cont.)
(earnestly)
I've told you everything: about the chant, about the purity of love, and how the person has to die before their time. But you never asked much about the perfect isosceles triangle that has to be formed by the earth, the moon and the Dog Star. It's crucial, and it doesn't happen that often.

REPORTER
When is the next time?

ZELDA
Junior figured it out. Junior?

Junior takes out his pocket calculator and looks at the read-out.

JUNIOR
The next time will be in about (BEAT) one thousand two hundred years.

CROWD
One _thousand_?

REPORTER
So Lucy's sort of a one-shot deal?

LUCY
Yes. I'm an ordinary person who had (BEAT) an extraordinary moment. Pretty soon I'll be nostalgia. *

The crowd falls back a little, an indication of uninterest-to-come. There is room for Lucy and Zelda to breathe. *

The crowd watches as Lucy starts to walk off -- alone. Not for long. Jason comes up beside her. *

JASON
Now we both have clean slates. We can start over. You know how good we can be together. (BEAT) I want you. *

LUCY
You had me.

Lucy leaves Jason behind and continues her long walk to the door. And there, leaning against the wall, waiting, is Tom Razzano.

You wouldn't even _talk_ to me, you rat! *

RAZZANO *

I was angry.

LUCY *

Do you know how terrible it was, losing you?

RAZZANO *

Yes. (BEAT) Lucy, listen, you got your second shot. Give me one. Come on, you know you're crazy about me.

Lucy starts to smile.

Good. That's settled. (BEAT) By the way...I love you.

LUCY

I know. I love you, too.

And they kiss.

RAZZANO

Okay, let's go get that dopey dog of yours.

LUCY

For a walk -- or for life? See, I have to know...Do I bring the rubber bone?

RAZZANO

Bring the rubber bone, the Dog Yummies, the pooper-scooper.

He kisses her again.

What a dowry.

Zelda, Junior, Danny, and Felicity finally make it over to Lucy and Razzano. Lucy, still in Tom Razzano's arms, turns to them.

LUCY

I'll see you all tomorrow. Right now (BEAT) we're going home.

Lucy and Razzano walk off toward the door hand-in-hand. But Lucy can't resist one final pirouette of joy -- and she nearly bangs into a WAITER carrying a huge cut-glass bowl of chocolate sauce. Lucy apologizes -- rather happily, because for once she has avoided disaster -- and she and Razzano rejoin hands and keep walking. They remain IN FRAME as they move away from us. *

The waiter, however, shaken the near-catastrophe, is so busy avoiding crashing into Jason and balancing his shaky tray that he does not see ANOTHER WAITER. The two collide and the chocolate sauce soars -- and lands smack on the perfectly coiffured head of Regina Holt. *

And Lucy and Razzano, oblivious to everything but each other, walk out the door to begin living happily ever after. *

FADE TO WHITE

ROLL FINAL TITLES ON LEFT. ON RIGHT, Lucy's hand puts photographs into the Razzano family album. First a snapshot: the wedding of Zelda -- in white muumuu and bizarre white turban -- and Junior. The next picture: Lucy and Tom Razzano's wedding, the photo taken just at the moment Tom puts the ring on Lucy's finger. *

The PAGE TURNS, and the hand slips in a picture of six very happy people: Tom Razzano, Junior Lacey, and Danny Robbins -- with their beaming (and very pregnant) wives. *

ANOTHER PAGE with the hand slipping in the three final pictures: There's Danny, Felicity, and their year-old DAUGHTER who's making a goopy toddler concoction with her toy cookware set. The next is a formal portrait of the deliriously informal Laceys -- Junior, Zelda, and little ten-month-old YOUNG HASTINGS -- who is teething on one of his mother's new amulets (the one with the thirty-carat emerald in the middle). And finally, in a candid shot taken in their bright, warmly-decorated loft, Lucy and Tom Razzano lie on the floor, laughing and playing with a long-haired Flippy and their eight-month-old TWIN DAUGHTERS. *

Razzano's hand enters the frame and takes Lucy's. And as FINAL CREDITS END, the book is closed. *

END